

# AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

VOL. XLIII, No. 9  
WHOLE NO. 1080

June 7, 1930

PRICE 10 CENTS  
\$4.00 A YEAR

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## Chronicle

**Home News.**—Two decisions of general interest were handed down by the Supreme Court on May 26. The first, an unusual case involving an injunction obtained by Supreme Court Decisions a labor union against the Southern Pacific Railroad, was decided in favor of the union. The chief point involved was the right of the workers to be represented, as provided under the Labor Act of 1926, by officials freely chosen by themselves. This right had been denied by the Company which declined to recognize any representatives, except those elected by the "company union." The second decision held that the purchaser of an alcoholic beverage forbidden by the Volstead Act, could not be held under the Volstead Act. In the view of the Supreme Court, it had never been the intention of Congress to make the mere fact of purchase illegal. The decision was by unanimous vote of the Court.

On the same day the House Judiciary Committee favorably reported a bill to modify the Jones Act in its definition of minor offenses, and a second bill providing for the trial before United States Commissioners of these minor offenses. These bills, added to those providing seventeen additional Federal judges, and a fourth, to strengthen the "padlock law," complete the program of the House for

Prohibition enforcement. The bill transferring the administration of Prohibition from the Treasury to the Department of Justice, passed both houses and was signed by the President on May 26. On learning of the decision of the Supreme Court, Senator Sheppard, of Texas, declared that he would press his bill to make purchase illegal. It was said, however, that this bill did not have the support of the Administration, and that even many of the "drys" believed it unwise.

On May 26, it was announced that immediately after the adjournment of Congress, the President would call a special session of the Senate to consider the London naval treaty. Adjournment could not take place before June 17, and Senator Watson thought the Senate could finish its deliberations on the treaty by mid-July. The hearings before the Senate Naval Committee and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee continued, and practically all the witnesses were rear-admirals. Their testimony allowed the inference that the navy disagreed with the contention that the treaty gave the United States parity with Great Britain. Admiral Stanley testified that in his opinion, the treaty put the United States at a disadvantage which probably would be perpetual. Senator Borah stated that he would join with Senator Johnson in requesting that all the official correspondence preliminary to the treaty, including the dispatches between the President and the British Premier be submitted to the Senate. It is within the province of the Secretary of State to withhold these papers in whole or in part.

On May 27, an unexpected obstacle was thrown in the way of the tariff bill by a ruling of Vice-President Curtis. Senator Barkley, of Kentucky, raised the point of order that in empowering the Tariff Commission to promulgate a rate if the President failed to act within sixty days, the Senate conferees had exceeded their authority. Neither tariff bill had contained this provision. Hence it was new matter. The Vice-President sustained the point of order, and the bill went back to conference. In a lengthy speech Senator Smoot, of Utah, defended the bill, claiming that it protected admirably the interests of the farmer.

**Austria.**—The Heimwehr sent a memorandum to the Schober Government stating that the organization could not agree to a disarmament bill unless Dr. Schober carried out the following measures: to disarm the Socialist Schützenbund with the aid of the Heimwehr; to replace the present Minister of the Interior, by a Heimwehr nominee; and

Prohibition Bills

to appoint a new chief of gendarmes and chief of police. The Cabinet Council decided to reject the virtual ultimatum and Chancellor Schober defied the Heimwehr by introducing the disarmament bill in Parliament. The Chancellor said that he appreciated the advantages the country had derived from the Heimwehr in strengthening patriotic feeling, but since there was a question of deciding a constitutional point this had to be done by Parliament without dictation from the Heimwehr organization. The bill presented to Parliament, however, bore many marks of changes from the one originally planned.

**Canada.**—Parliament continued its sessions, contrary to expectations and apparently contrary to the desire of the members, till the last week of May. The closing days

**Final Days of Parliament** were used by all parties for the strengthening of their Parliamentary record in preparation for the general elections to be held probably in August. The budget presented by C. A. Dunning was passed in the greater number of its provisions, with few amendments. The London naval treaty was confirmed, likewise, by the House. In the Senate, the so-called alcohol bill, prohibiting the export of alcoholic beverages to the United States and the import of illegal goods to Canada, mentioned previously in these columns, was passed in the third reading with little opposition. The Ontario divorce measure continued to cause sharp debate. As recorded in our issue of May 17, the bill of J. S. Woodsworth was revived after it had been defeated in the second reading. The measure, presented for the third reading, was given a majority of fifteen, the vote being 100 to 85. The vote of the Ontario delegates was 34 in favor of and 26 against the bill. It was then referred to the Senate; there it met with a strong opposition, which came as a surprise since the Senate had previously taken the initiative in forwarding similar bills. During the present session, about 250 bills of divorce from Ontario were presented to Parliament. Sixty of these were voted on in their first reading, on May 21, within the space of three minutes. M. Bourassa, who has led the opposition both to the granting of divorce by Parliament and to the Woodsworth bill, objected to the steamroller methods.

**China.**—While it was rumored that considerable forces of Northerners and Nanking troops were in action along the Lunghai railway, no important developments were

**Conflicting War Reports** known to have taken place, and though reports emanating from both camps were issued, they were generally considered as exaggerated and mostly for propaganda purposes. On May 23, Nanking announced that its forces had crushingly defeated the Northerners and taken 20,000 prisoners and captured forty field-pieces at Lanfeng, in Northern Honan province. On the other hand, Shanghai dispatches, on May 27, reported that the Northern Alliance, numbering 200,000, claimed to have severely defeated the Government troops in several major engagements. Meanwhile, Communists and bandits continued their lawlessness, particularly in the Yangtse Valley.

**Czechoslovakia.**—Due to the increase of non-Catholic children of the apostates previous to 1921, the relative strength of Catholics appeared to be decreasing. According to a recent publication of the Statistical Bureau of the Republic, for the school year 1927-28 in Czech elementary schools the classes above the first grade had 71.3 per cent Catholic children, while in the first grade there the percentage of Catholic children was only 66.9. At the same time, Catholic teachers were only to the extent of 48.4 per cent, and in the higher elementary schools only to the extent of 41.6 per cent.

**France.**—The Constitution drafted by the Syrian Assembly was approved with modifications in a statute promulgated May 22, by the French High Commissioner,

**Constitution for Syria under Mandate** Henri Ponsot, administrator of the country under the League mandate. The Constitution, which will become effective after the next general elections, establishes a virtually independent Republic, whose executive powers remain somewhat restricted for the duration of the mandate. Powers vested in the President, who must be a Moslem, include a limited right to adjourn or dissolve the Parliament, which normally will be elected every four years. A degree of autonomy is reserved to the local assemblies of the four constituent States.

Over a hundred foreigners were among the 150 Communist agitators arrested on May 25, at the annual demonstration held at the Père Lachaise Cemetery, when those

**Varia** who had taken part in the meeting clashed with police.—Telegraph and

telephone service in the capital and in a number of other cities was suspended for two hours on May 15, in a protest strike against the wage scale prevailing in the service. The Ministry of Posts and Telegraphs issued a statement defending the rates, and ascribing the discontent to radical agitators.—Press comment on the speeches of the Italian Premier was, with occasional exceptions, generally temperate and restrained.

**Germany.**—On May 23, the Reichstag rejected a motion of the German Nationalists for an appropriation of \$700,000 for work on Germany's second armored cruiser.

**Cruiser Funds Refused** The vote was 270 to 129. This ended for the current fiscal year the attempts that have been made to force the building of the post-War navy allowed Germany under the Treaty of Versailles. President von Hindenburg, in his instructions regulating the duties of a German soldier, stated that the soldier pledges faith to the Reich's Constitution and that maintenance of loyalty sworn to the Fatherland is the soldier's noblest duty. "A sense of duty," he said, "bids the soldier in war and in peace to fulfil his duty with all his power including the sacrifice of his life to avert any danger from the Fatherland." The President, speaking as highest commander of the Reichwehr, emphasized the fact that the German Reich is a republic and that "whoever undertakes to change the Reich's Constitution violently commits high treason."

**Great Britain.**—Despite attacks from the official Opposition and from extreme members of its own party, the Labor Government secured a majority on its main policies. The debate on the Indian budget is noticed in another column. The vital point of the Snowden budget, that concerning the increase in income tax, was passed easily. The debate on unemployment, before the House at this writing, was not considered critical to the Government, since the Liberals declared that, though not in accord with the MacDonald proposals, they would refrain from voting against the Government. The internal strife caused by Sir Oswald Mosley's withdrawal from the Cabinet did not materially weaken the Government. Sir Oswald, who previously expressed dissatisfaction with the Cabinet's handling of the unemployment situation, offered a program which the Cabinet rejected. He resigned, and gathered an independent group in opposition to Mr. MacDonald. At a Labor party meeting, on May 22, the issue raised by Sir Oswald was debated. Mr. MacDonald told his associates that he was ready to resign the Premiership. He was upheld by a vote of 210 to 29. Major Clement R. Attlee succeeded Sir Oswald Mosley as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

**India.**—There was no abatement in the disorder prevailing during the past six weeks in the important cities and areas throughout India. The raids on the salt depots

at Dharasana were carried on spasmodically, the number of volunteers participating, on one occasion, May 22, being upwards of 3,000. At Wadala, on May 26, about 30,000 demonstrators marched from Bombay and invaded the salt depots. The police guarded the whole way of the march, and tried to prevent the attackers from entering the extensive salt works. The volunteers did not resist arrest; more than 600 of them were taken by the police during the week. Sholapur remained under military law. At a meeting there, V. J. Patel, the new field leader of the civil-disobedience campaign, urged more than 100,000 followers to a peaceful revolution. Business was practically paralyzed in Bombay, Madras City, and elsewhere, due to the intensification of the boycotting and picketing program. Mrs. Naidu, who was arrested at Dharasana, was sentenced to nine months' imprisonment. The third son of Gandhi to be arrested was given a sentence of one year's rigorous imprisonment.—With only an indirect connection with the Gandhi campaign, other disturbances contributed to the unsettled condition of India. At Rangoon, in Burma, a racial clash, with many fatalities, occurred between Burmese and Indian dockworkers. Hindus and Moslems, who have hitherto refrained from any part in the disturbances, began rioting and fighting each other in Lucknow, Dacca, in the Calcutta district, and in Bombay.—The situation in India came up for debate in the British Parliament on May 26, when the Secretary for India, Wedgwood Benn, introduced the India Office budget. While the Conservatives mildly attacked the Government for not taking more vigorous action, the extreme Laborites scored it for its imperialism and suppression

of Indian aspirations. Mr. Benn stated that the Indian authorities acted merely to preserve order in India, and to protect the 300,000,000 inhabitants who were satisfied with "a benevolent, settled and ordered Government" against an active Hindu minority.

**Italy.**—The latter days of Premier Mussolini's stay in Milan, where he addressed several huge mass meetings after his tour of Tuscany, gave occasion for him to comment on his earlier speeches and on the reception which his previous remarks had had abroad. Speaking to an assembly of wounded veterans on May 22, he said, as reported by the *New York Times*: "These speeches had the merit of causing a great outcry among all those geese who have appointed themselves the defenders of pacifist capitals in various nations of Europe. Never was a clearer spectacle of human hypocrisy seen." Two days later he made the statement that his earlier remarks were not intended as a challenge to anyone, but rather to keep Italy from being lulled into a sense of false security, adding that he had not spoken impromptu, but had prepared his speeches with great care. Several times the cheering at his remarks was mingled with cries of "Down with France!" which the Premier was at pains to silence. In concluding his final address he appealed to his hearers to meet him again in the Piazza del Duomo at Milan in October, 1932, to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Fascist march on Rome.

**Japan.**—As the meeting of the Supreme Military Council approached to consider Admiral Takarabe's report of the London Naval Conference, it looked more certain that

Admiral Kato would retire as Chief of International Relations the Naval Staff because of his difference of opinion with the head of the Japanese delegation to the Conference. It was reported that the retiring Admiral would be offered a post in the Supreme Military Council.—On May 27, the Empire observed the twenty-fifth anniversary of the battle of Tsushima in which Admiral Togo annihilated the Russian fleet. Despite his eighty-three years the Admiral participated in the celebration.—On May 26, the American Ambassador to Tokio, Mr. William R. Castle, laid the corner-stone to the new American Embassy in the capital.—Much attention was given by the press to reports from the United States that Congress had received a bill proposing to amend the Immigration Act of 1924 so as to place Japan on the same quota basis as other nations. It was generally interpreted by the Japanese press that the passage of such an amendment would do away with a long-standing grievance and greatly improve relations between Tokio and Washington.

**Poland.**—President Moscicki convoked the Polish Sejm for an extraordinary session, after receiving a petition signed by the requisite number of deputies. But one hour

before the time set for the meeting on May 23, Premier Slawek delivered to the Sejm Marshal a Presidential decree postponing the session for thirty days. Opposition Depu-

ties declared that the action was prompted by the Government's desire to prevent the Sejm from discussing or investigating the excess expenditure in the 1927-28 period, for which the former Minister of Finance, M. Czechowicz was tried by a State tribunal last year. But M. Czechowicz stated that he would insist on the investigation of the case against him and threatened to resign his membership of the Government bloc in the Sejm. Premier Slawek gave as a reason for the postponement of the extraordinary session the impossibility of full cooperation with the Sejm.

**Rumania.**—A revival of anti-Semitic agitation and outbreaks in several parts of the country which brought protests from Jews throughout the world were met with a suppression by the Maniu Government. Anti-Semitic Agitators that it was determined to suppress with a firm hand any incipient anti-Semitic demonstrations. Speaking for the Government Dr. Lugoshano, a Minister and very close to the Premier, said:

There is no longer a Jewish question in Rumania, for we assure to the Jewish population complete political and economic equality with citizens of any other creed or race. They have full liberty to establish their schools, which we are glad to see prospering.

Naturally it is not in the power of any government to foresee when some group of excitable students, incited by their mischievous elders, may start isolated attacks on our Jewish fellow-citizens, but what we have made clear is that such outrages will be followed by the severest sanctions. Orders have been issued to all central provincial authorities for the fullest investigation. . . .

It was admitted that anti-Semitic disorders were rather serious at Targu and Faounos, but these were attributed to the provocation of a notorious Communist agitator. In fact, the Government's position was that the anti-Semitic demonstrations have been proved fomented by political agitators who wished to discredit the Government in every possible way. Speaking of the attitude of his Administration regarding the Jews, Premier Maniu made the following statement to a *New York Times* correspondent:

The Jewish people of Rumania now enjoy all political and municipal rights and nothing stands in the way of their progress in religion and culture as well as in the economic sense. . . . We do not deny that in many districts of this country there have been sporadic anti-Jewish demonstrations. But public opinion and the Government have condemned them with one voice and since we took office we have taken all possible measures to avoid them and assure our Jewish fellow-citizens full freedom from interference.

As a result the demonstrations have almost entirely ceased and we have not hesitated to punish the participants in those which still occurred.

It is foolish to talk of pogroms. There have never been pogroms in Rumania and there certainly are none today.

In the last elections the anti-Semites polled scarcely 30,000 votes out of 3,000,000, and whereas they formerly had eleven representatives in Parliament, now they have only one, Professor Ceuza, who was returned at a by-election thanks to a coalition of Opposition parties, especially the Liberals.

In the general elections the Jews ran on a common ticket with the National Peasant party and were elected on our lists. The Jews have representatives not only in Parliament but on all the district and municipal councils in places where they live in numbers.

I believe that the Jews trust the Government, and they can certainly feel assured that we will not allow their peace and prosperity to be interfered with.

The Government also insisted that no sort of censorship was imposed on correspondents to foreign papers.

**Russia.**—Reports of the progress of the spring sowing campaign continued to be favorable, and the great anxiety which had been felt six or eight weeks ago had been largely dispelled by satisfactory results.

**Grain Program** State farms and collectives were said to have successfully taken hold of a great deal of abandoned land in the Moscow district. Favoritism, divisions, and incompetence, however, were also reported in their usual quantity. The final results as yet remain unpredictable. German tariff increases on rye and barley were declared by *Izvestia*, the official organ of the Soviet Government, as an evident discrimination against Soviet grain and an open breach of Article 1 of the German-Soviet commercial agreement of 1925.

**League of Nations.**—The initial plan of M. Briand, French Foreign Minister, for a European Federation, proposed at the recent session of the Council of the League, received support from the *Osservatore Romano*, Vatican City newspaper, in contrast with the chorus of condemnation of the Italian press. The *Osservatore*, as quoted by the *New York Times*, says that M. Briand's proposal is still vague and sketchy, but nevertheless sees in it a germ of an idea which may give peace to the world. It recalls that M. Briand, in submitting the proposal, merely followed instructions received at Geneva, September, 1929, from twenty-seven European States.

"The whole of Europe must now collaborate in building the edifice thus sketched. Only in this way can unification and pacification of Europe be obtained." Such a Europe, says the *Osservatore*, "would be welcomed by the whole world, even by the United States, which would see in it better markets for her goods." The Soviet Government maintained that the plan of M. Briand was simply a scheme directed against the Soviets and the United States. "Divided Europe," concludes the *Osservatore*, "gave us the World War. A federated Europe with God's blessing might give us world peace."

Some curiosity has been expressed by our readers on the effect in Russia of the recent world-wide agitation against the religious persecution. The question will be answered next week by F. J. McGarrigle in an article entitled "After March 15 in Russia."

The farm problem is one which concerns city people as well as country folk. What expert farm management can do, and what a wide field there is for young men in this field, will be told next week by Dr. Robert Stewart, Dean of the College of Agriculture of the University of Nevada.

Philip Burke will contribute another of his subtle satires in a piece entitled "Philosopher à la Mode."

An interesting account of a little-known activity will be told in "Educating for Health" by Marie T. Du Paul, consultor in health education of the New York Bellevue-Yorkville Health Demonstration.

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## A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

**SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1930**

Entered as second-class matter, April 15, 1909, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on June 29, 1918.

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SUBSCRIPTION POSTPAID  
United States, 10 cents a copy; yearly, \$4.00  
Canada, \$4.50 Europe, \$5.00

**Addresses:**

Publication Office, 461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.  
Telephone: Medallion 3082

Editors' Office, 329 West 108th Street, New York, N. Y.

CABLE ADDRESS: CATHREVIEW

Stamps should be sent for the return of rejected manuscripts.

### Social Study in the Schools

**I**N the welter of social theories which surround us, the most encouraging sign that can be discerned is the revival of interest in the Encyclical of Leo XIII on the Condition of Labor. On its appearance, thirty-nine years ago, the Encyclical was greeted by non-Catholic as well as by Catholic scholars. There was reason to hope that its principles would be thoroughly and persistently taught, and that entering into every Catholic's social consciousness, they would in time be translated into action.

On the whole that hope was frustrated. Perhaps the Encyclical was too far ahead of the times. In view of the brutal knock-down and drag-out methods of dealing with the worker then in general use in this country, it must have been thought by many that what the Encyclical really expressed was an abstract ideal rather than a realizable possibility. In the United States, at least, interest soon died down, and until Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University, began to stress the fact that the principles of the Encyclical not only could but must be applied to actual conditions, the laity in general and perhaps most of the clergy did not even know that the Encyclical existed. Furthermore, in the fight against Socialism too many Catholic apologists, in striving to remain upright on the philosophy of ownership, leaned over backward, and were unable to discern the fact that a worker's right to a living wage preceded the right of the owner to a return upon his property.

Happily, at the very moment when capitalism in this country arrays itself for new battles, Catholic interest in the Encyclical awakens. For this resurrection, we have to thank, among many, such writers as Dr. Ryan, Father Husslein, Father Siedenburg, who founded the first Catholic school of sociology in this country, Fathers Spalding and Muntzsch, and the contributors to this Review, which for years has missed no opportunity of insisting that the principles of the Encyclical must be studied by Catholics, and applied to our social problems. An interesting and hopeful sign of this renewed and intelligent

interest was presented on May 15 of the present year when programs commemorating the Encyclical were offered in more than fifty Catholic colleges throughout the country.

As Father Siedenburg wrote in AMERICA last week, courses in social sciences should form an integral part of the curriculum in the genuinely Catholic college. Except, possibly in the newer and as yet incompletely formed institutions, they do, and their influence upon our young men and women is beyond price. The best way, certainly, of bringing Catholic social principles to bear upon our social problems is to teach them to our young people. But this teaching should not be restricted to the colleges. College students are increasing in number, but it will always remain true that college is not for the many but for the few. Is there no way of introducing courses in the elements, at least, of the Church's social philosophy to those whose formal training finishes with the high school, and to that much greater number who must leave school at the completion of the eighth grade?

Here and there the attempt is made. High schools which require courses variously designated as "civics," "economics," or "Americanization," must necessarily include such topics as capital and labor. No more philosophical treatment can be found than that in the Encyclical of Leo XIII. Pupils should be made familiar, not only with the fact that there is such a document, but with its actual text.

To what extent instruction of this nature can be given in the elementary school, we do not presume to say. Principles based upon ethical and dogmatic truths are imparted in the religion classes which are rightly so prominent in the lower grades, but formal courses in social science would here be impossible. Still, at least with the older and more intelligent pupils, the skilful teacher will find many an opportunity to refer to the Catholic teaching on social questions. These opportunities should not be neglected, but, rather, sought and improved.

### The Guiltless Purchaser

**I**F it is wrong to sell an object, it would seem to be wrong to purchase it. But the Supreme Court, abstracting, of course, from moral and ethical considerations, has ruled that while it is illegal to sell alcoholic beverages, it is not illegal to purchase them.

The degree of consolation which this decision will bring to the Prohibitionists and to their opponents, we are unable to say. Probably the decision will be followed by new Federal legislation, and then by new and futile attempts to enforce it. The Volstead Act did not make the purchaser liable, the Supreme Court holds, because Congress wished the purchaser to feel free to inform against the man from whom he obtained his supply.

The whole subject of Federal Prohibition has resolved itself into a noisome mess. Prohibition has not reduced crime, for a demand of the day is for more and larger penitentiaries. It has not reduced poverty, for not within the memory of man has distress from unemployment been more bitter. It has not divorced the saloon from politics, for after eleven years of trial, during which

crime, intemperance, and poverty, have grown apace, it is a major political issue in practically every State in the Union.

The only political remedy lies in the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment. Until that time comes, the best remedy at hand is a sane and adequate teaching of the virtue of temperance to our young people at school and college. Herod slew his tens, but Prohibition has slain its thousands.

#### Crime in City and Country

**W**ITH a burst of pardonable pride, the Chicago *Tribune* inserts a full-page advertisement in the leading newspapers of the country. The text of the advertisement is, of course, Chicago. But we are not asked to consider the advantages which the investor, or the man who is thinking of changing his residence, will find in the Western metropolis. The advertisement has all the charm of novelty: it is a description of the peace, quiet, and general godliness which rule in Chicago.

On the data submitted, and they are, doubtless, accurate, the *Tribune* justifies its description. Chicago is known throughout the world as a town in which murder is as common as cigarettes, but that reputation is not sustained by the facts. The city has fewer murders, in proportion to the population, than such homes of peace and gentleness as Lexington, New Orleans, Cincinnati, and Miami. Memphis has five times as many, and Memphis is closely followed by Birmingham, Atlanta, and Jacksonville. With a candor that is almost incredible in your true Chicagoan, the *Tribune* admits the superior virtue in this respect of New York. The murder rate for Chicago is 12.7 per 100,000, but for New York only 7.1. In Memphis, incidentally, the rate is 66.8.

It will do the metropolitans no great harm to preen themselves upon their lenity. Figures do not mean a great deal, and averages mean less. We are even prepared to admit that, despite statistics, the Recording Angel may find more real virtue in Memphis than in New York, but the inhabitants of the larger cities ought to be better than their country cousins. If there is more evil in the metropolis, there are also more abundant and accessible means of progressing in virtue. It is the city, not the country, which has a church on every corner, in which on every Sunday the Holy Sacrifice is offered as often as six or eight times. That church, too, has a pulpit, occupied frequently during the week by zealous and eloquent preachers, and societies of all sorts for the promotion of spiritual activities. Its confessionalis are crowded, and its altar rails thronged. It is the city, too, and, most unfortunately, not the country, which has the fully equipped school, in which thousands of boys and girls are taught to be good Catholics and good citizens. So far as the externals are concerned, the city is better off than the country.

The thought of our urban abundance should, however, give us concern for the rural districts. How many Catholic children are in rural public schools simply because there is no Catholic school? How many Catholic young

people are gradually drawn into the work of the rural community church, because it affords opportunity for social intercourse? Since the lack of rural schools and churches forms one great source of leakage, it is surely incumbent upon us urban Catholics to lend our aid to stop it.

The problem of Catholics in the rural communities presses for a speedy solution. Happily a number of Catholic associations are now engaged with it. The census will probably disclose a large decrease in the rural population, but the number of Catholics in scattered rural communities is large enough to constitute a social problem, worthy of our most earnest study.

#### Do You Pay Your Doctor?

**T**HE results of an interesting survey by the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company have recently been made public. Canvassing its policy holders, the Company discovered that the average family paid its physician about \$140 annually.

Now the cost of repairing the human machine engenders one of the most interesting problems of the day. It is a most important factor in the family budget. From very many parts of the country the report has come that, after the bill for medical services has been rendered, the family physician, who floated into the house with healing upon his angelic wings, assumes the menacing port of a Shylock.

That medical, hospital, and surgical fees do impose a terrific burden upon some families, is beyond all question. To many a man working for a salary, the physician's order to go to a hospital for an operation, is worse than a decree in bankruptcy. It means, in many instances, the loss of his job, and a period in which bills pile up so high that he must work for the rest of his life to pay them.

This fact is recognized by the profession. For several years medical, surgical, and hospital committees have been surveying the field, and as they are animated by an honest purpose, we can rely upon an accurate and intelligent diagnosis of a very serious social problem. But it has already become apparent that the reason of many a heavy hospital bill is the fact that the patient and his family have demanded unnecessary, and even luxurious, accommodations, and special service. Even when they are sick, some people never lose their ambition to keep up with the family of Jones.

One aspect of this problem should not be lost sight of. If some physicians demand, and collect, exorbitant fees, others never receive the modest fees which they ask. Every profession has its list of non-paying clients, but the physicians probably have the longest catalogue. Men who have been snatched from what Mr. Toots would designate as the Cold and Silent Tomb, are so jubilant that they are quite unable to think of anything so prosaic as a bill for professional services rendered. Besides, now that the crisis is safely passed, they are too busy arranging a trip to Europe.

Most families have a tale of the Exorbitant Physician.

There is such a creature. But there is also the physician who comes home tired out after a long day, to wonder where he can scrape enough money together to meet his office rent. In his behalf, we would urge the obligation, sanctioned by all law, human and Divine, to pay one's debts as promptly as possible.

### Bigotry in the South

THE meeting of the Catholic Press Association at Asheville last month brought together the outstanding Catholic editors and publishers of the country. Of some of the many important problems which they discussed, reports have been carried by the diocesan weeklies. The good that has been accomplished by these annual conventions can hardly be overestimated. They have given Catholic editors a sense of unity and solidarity, encouraging them to new efforts in their important and singularly difficult works. Differences of opinion in matters of policy which arrive from time to time have been adjusted, so that without imposing regulations which impede legitimate editorial freedom, the Catholic press can present an unbroken front in the battle for Christ and His cause.

Of especial interest to Catholics throughout the country was the opening address of Bishop Hafey, of North Carolina. In many parts of the country, said the Bishop, there is an impression "that the attitude of the average Southerner toward the Catholic Church is about the same thing as the attitude of the devil toward virtue." Common as this impression is, it can hardly be justified by the facts. There is bigotry in the South, no doubt, but experience has shown that it is quickly removed once the inhabitants are afforded an opportunity of knowing what the Catholic Church really is.

No one who knows the South can for a moment doubt the accuracy of Bishop Hafey's contention. It is most unfortunate that the wildest stories of bigotry which have appeared in the last decade have been credited to the South, while tales with an equally good foundation, or lack of it, but with a Northern origin, have been suppressed, or passed over with scant notice. Unhappily, too, a few Southern politicians, blatant, fluent, ignorant, and malicious, have somehow clambered into high place, from which at present they cannot be dislodged. These are the men who have so shamefully misrepresented the South for ten years and more. They are the lineal descendants, in spirit if not by blood, of the carpetbaggers and the scalawags who in the dreadful years succeeding the War between the States, joined hands with the oppressors from the North, and in the name of civilization tore down all that made civilization possible. But to the average newspaper editor in the North, they bear genuine testimony to the spirit of the South, and to her ancient traditions of gentleness, chivalry, and hospitality.

The ignorance of many of our separated brethren in the South is not culpable. They do not hate the Catholic Church, but a monstrous syndicate of irreligion and crime which they think is the Catholic Church. The real Catholic Church they do not know, because they have never had an opportunity of knowing her. It would be idle

to deny that "the Protestant tradition" of which Newman speaks is strong in the South, even as it is strong in those parts of the North and East in which Protestantism survives as an active force. In its origin it may have been malicious, but diluted from generation to generation, it is found in the minds of many non-Catholics, both North and South, as a dislike of the Catholic Church and a suspicion of her work, rather than as hatred. The insensibly acquired impressions of childhood are deleted with difficulty, and this difficulty is not a matter affected by geography.

Yet we agree without reserve when Bishop Hafey says that wherever our brethren in the South are enabled to see the Catholic Church in action, promoting the principles of Our Lord Jesus Christ through works of charity and zeal, the erstwhile suspicion and misunderstandings are replaced by a welcome. That has been the experience of countless priests and communities of Sisters who have made foundations in Southern communities. A year or two of work generally suffices to change them from persons regarded with suspicion or hatred, into men and women regarded by the community as most valuable assets.

No sermon or written word can appeal to our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, North or South, with the convincing eloquence of a truly Catholic example. Words are spoken easily, and pass away, but the argument of example abides. The moral, if it need be added, is that one man who lives his Catholic Faith can do infinitely more for the cause of Christ than a thousand who merely talk about religion and morality.

### An Injunction Reversed

WHEN a man bites a dog, we have news of high interest. But when a labor union enjoins an employer from establishing a company union, and wins out, no words in the language can adequately describe the news value of the report. The Supreme Court gave us that almost incredible story last week.

A subsidiary of the Southern Pacific road, in course of a re-organization, established the company union. Thereafter, it recognized these appointees of its own as the sole representatives of its employes. But the employes, in common with all cognizant of the facts, considered this alleged union to be an organization for the promotion of fraud, hypocrisy, and oppression, and applied to the courts for an injunction.

The Labor Act of 1926 provided that the right to collective action should be safeguarded. By its ruling of May 26, the Supreme Court affirmed the contention that by establishing the company union, and refusing to recognize the labor union, the railroad had interfered with the right of the employes "to have representatives of their own choosing."

By legitimate inference, this ruling also sustains the contention that the company union, the creature of the employers, is a fraud, when it poses as a representative of the workers and guardian of their interests. It is well to have that point settled.

# The Timid Thinkers

G. K. CHESTERTON  
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**T**HERE is one rather neglected aspect, in which Dr. Barnes of Birmingham, generally so very Victorian a survival, so fixed a fossil of the dead Darwinian epoch, is almost abreast of the times and might even be mistaken for a modern man. It has nothing, of course, to do with the old nationalistic content of his views, or the **bigotry which is the instrument of his publicity.**

Mr. Kensit has been complimenting Dr. Barnes; and Dr. Barnes deserves such a compliment. Names like those of Kensit and Barnes will never be absent from the newspapers; for they provide paragraphs on the model of "Scene at a Wedding," or "Riot in a Baptist Chapel." But the philosophical school of Kensit and Barnes has a disturbance that is internal as well as external, and a disorder in the mind as well as in the chapel. It is only united upon what it would destroy, altogether doubtful and distracted about what it would define or develop.

The comic complexity of the Bishop's position has been noted often enough. It may be partly the common human weakness of wanting to eat a cake and have it; provided (of course) that it is not a cake with candles. Certainly no man ever managed so queerly to combine the pleasures of persecution with the pleasures of laxity. He must be allowed to deny any Christian doctrine whatever; but nobody else must be allowed to question any Protestant practice whatever. He has now made the brain reel by adding a final twist to the interminable tangle; and defying the law as a protest against the lawless clergy.

But there is an older and larger example with which I am here concerned; an example in which, as I have said, such a man becomes almost modern and typical in the mere muddle and tangle of his ideas. I mean the very simple fact that it may be creditable to his firmness, but hardly to his lucidity, that he offers to become a Christian martyr for the Reformed Religion; that is for the traditional religion which he has again and again described as being totally destroyed by science.

For the Reformed Religion can only mean, in common human speech, the religion established by the Reformation. And whatever the old Reformers might have thought of Reservation or the ways of the Ritualists, it is quite certain that they would have regarded them as minor matters, in face of the hellish and heathen blasphemies which they would certainly have attributed to Dr. Barnes.

And the reason I mention this phase and this philosophic aspect here is to draw attention to something which (as I think) is very little noted by either side in this controversy. It is a curious combination of rashness and timidity; and a contrast between the words which men use and the ways in which they afterwards interpret them. They complain of minute doctrinal discussions and distinctions. In other words, they complain that the theologians were very careful to say exactly what they did think and what they did not think.

What the typical men of our time seem to do is to utter sweeping generalizations; and then retire silently and rapidly for fear of being swept along with them. And this curious kind of courage or cowardice is notable in many men who are very much more modern and up-to-date than the Bishop of Birmingham.

For a long time past we have heard and read about daring thinkers; about daring novels and daring plays and even daring sermons. But they all struck me as being on the model of the Birmingham sort of sermon. A man of the Birmingham school of thought doubtless gets a sort of thrill out of saying (as he has said repeatedly) something like "Science has destroyed the whole scheme of the Christian creed." But it is very rapidly borne in upon him that it would be rather trying if it were true. If science has destroyed the creed of Christendom, science must also have destroyed the diocese of Birmingham. It must have destroyed the Bishop, or at least the bishopric; his See and his salary and his official authority, which he is so pathetically fond of using—and exceeding.

The simple explanation is that he did not mean what he said, or think what he was saying; he did not think of the thought but only of the thrill. In that he was what is called a Modern Man; in other words, he was very like an excited schoolgirl at a night club. Mood has taken the place of mind; emotion and excitement are everything; and it is very exciting to sweep away all the cathedrals of the world with a gesture of the hand, until you discover that you have knocked down your own cathedral as well.

Thus, absurdly exaggerated phrases about "destroying the whole scheme" of this or that, are very much used by fashionable preachers and the journalists of popular science. But the point is not merely that we do not follow them, but that they do not follow themselves; at least they do not follow their own generalizations.

We live in a time when people "throw out" thoughts. I suppose they regard throwing them out as identical with throwing them away. Anyhow, they seem curiously convinced that they have ceased to be really responsible for them. In the case of the novelists and dramatists I mentioned, it is often said that they are "suggestive" writers. In the case of some of the novelists and dramatists they are suggestive enough, heaven knows, in a rather less reputable sense.

But, putting that quarrel on one side, it is true that even their admirers practically admit that they only offer suggestions. And a man will offer very bold and daring suggestions, when he is pretty sure that he will not be called on to act on them. Hence the great reputation of modern artists for boldness and daring.

There is something in the very medium in which they work, in the very conventions under which they work in it, which saves them from the full responsibility of freedom felt by the old theologians and theorists. They deal

in fiction and not in fact. They speak through fictitious characters, and not in their own characters. They state something as true of all human life, and have only to show that it might be true of one human life. But above all, they indulge in this thrill of the sweeping theory; and are never afterwards asked even to carry it out as a theory, let alone to carry it out in practice.

I have seen a long succession of these crude and half-baked creeds. Men talk of churches without creeds. It is now much more common to have creeds without churches. It is more common to hear a man deliver a dogma which nobody can be expected to develop and apply systematically, not even himself. The first and most obvious example is the dogma of Determinism.

I have known many a popular writer, from Robert Blatchford to Arnold Bennett, indulge in a superb and sweeping gesture of universal generosity and absolution; saying that no man is responsible for anything, no man must be blamed for anything, and so (I presume) no man must be praised for anything. But nobody ever carried out, ever could carry out, ever even tried to carry out, this program in practical life. Neither Mr. Blatchford nor Mr. Bennett nor anybody else could conduct any social operation of any sort without blaming people for a certain degree of bad behavior; the only alternative to blaming them would be beating them with a stick or burning them at a stake. But it is thought very daring to say it; though nobody dares to do it.

In other words, a man nowadays is called a bold thinker, because he promises what he is afraid to fulfil.

It is so with nearly all the new moralists, novelists or dramatists or critics. The followers of the late D. H. Lawrence will indulge in the widest generalizations about the nobleness of all that is naked, the innocence of all that is natural. But not one in a thousand of them would act logically on that theory of life, and make it a way of living. Not one in a thousand would be as consistent as the Adamites of the old heresy; or act in public in the way ascribed to the Cynics of the old philosophy. They are better than their creed, as people used to say about aged Calvinists. At any rate, they are saner than their creed; because their creed was only a thoughtless generalization thrown out for the sake of a thrill.

Now I do not call this being a bold thinker, but rather being a timid thinker. For even in thought the man dare not carry out his own scheme beyond its first and very vaguest outline. He does not describe in detail, or even imagine in detail, what the world would be like if everybody were equally irresponsible, or anybody could say that any of his appetites were natural and therefore nice. As John Knox broke off, and never delivered the third blast of his celebrated trumpet, there is a singular silence that follows the first proclamation of these facile and indiscriminate dogmas.

In truth these thinkers really are timid; and have good reason to be timid. They know, even if they do not say, that they have stepped beyond the solid table-land of sanity; that they are not any longer on the level; that they are in steep and slippery places where only strange and constrained attitudes can keep their balance.

Let us, who by no merit of ours are walking about freely on the firm ground, give them a hand back to it, and not merely a kick to send them down the steep. But let us protest against the doctrine that they, clinging to their last crumbling crags, are any freer than we are.

## The Holy Spirit in Sacred Art

JULIA GRANT

IT is most attractive to watch the pale dawn suffuse into daylight or the colors of evening change at sunset; to see the lights and shadows blend in windswept woods or the moving clouds reflected upon the surface of the water. So is it also with the history of art. Even in specific details it is fascinating to follow the development of ideas, the merging of thought through the centuries. There are so many renowned examples of artistic genius in the treatment of the lives of Our Lord, His Blessed Mother and the Saints, that it would take volumes merely to recount them. There is, however, another subject—less often treated perhaps, and less well-known—which has produced, during each period of Christian history, in almost every field of art, a noteworthy *chef-d'œuvre*. That is the Third Person of the Blessed Trinity.

One of the features of primitive Christianity was its very delicate sense of symbolism. From the modern viewpoint, it is sometimes difficult to grasp the remote antiquity, or to penetrate the subtle refinement of some of these conceptions.

The altar of the early Roman basilica had no tabernacle such as we know it. Instead there hung above the table itself a silver dove, fastened by finely wrought chains to the roof of the tegurium. This vessel contained the Blessed Eucharist. In those days too, the custom obtained of leaving the codex of the Gospels upon the altar. "That volume and that eucharistic dove, holding hidden within its breast the consecrated Species, signified the whole New Testament whose law is love, for love is the supreme law of the believing soul." Thus writes Cardinal Schuster.

These doves are rare today; very possibly their use is forbidden, because they are no longer practical. In several places, however, they still survive. One hangs in the Greek Catholic Church at Grotto Ferrata; another is in Amiens Cathedral. But they are to be found in every collection of early goldsmiths' art in the museums of the European capitals. Some of them are fashioned of precious metal, with glowing wings of deep purplish-blue *champ-levé* enamel. Such a dove was a regal and popular gift to a church during the first centuries of the Christian era, so that we have records of many distinguished donors, among whom were several Popes. This seems to have been the shimmering dawn of the Holy Spirit in church art. The golden-tongued Doctor, St. John Chrysostom, expresses most classically the intangibly supernatural beauty of the idea, when he speaks, in one of his homilies, of the Holy Eucharist as *convestitum Spiritu Sancto* (clothed with the Holy Spirit). The reverent and majestic splendor of the concept is one of our precious inheritances from the Christian Orient.

There is a famous Cluniac doorway at Vézelay in Burgundy where we can see Eastern and Western thought combining to make a masterpiece of sculpture. The subject of its tympanum has long puzzled iconographers, but it has been definitely proved to be the Descent of the Holy Ghost on Pentecost Day. Its substance is undoubtedly Eastern, as it is to be found in Greek lectionaries and Byzantine mosaics; but the form—its life, its vigor, its naive and grave humor—is entirely Western. Christ Our Lord sits in the center with outstretched lowered arms. From His Sacred Fingers stream rays of fire which touch the heads of the Apostles assembled beneath in the cenacle.

Around the tympanum is a semi-circle of animated scenes, divided into sections with two, three, or four personages in each. One man excitedly points to his cured limb, another bares his chest in gay astonishment; a blind woman is being led with infinite and tender caution to regain her sight. These are the miracles worked by the Apostles on Whitsunday, the "many wonders and signs" by which the multitudes were converted. On the lintel two groups converge towards the central upright figures of the Apostles Peter and Paul, symbols of Christian unity; on the right is the little procession of queer people, the Scythians with huge ears, the pygmies mentioned by Isidore of Seville, even the cynocephalous men whom the missionaries always expected to find in unexplored lands. From the left advances a band of half-clad pagans, led by a High Priest, and bearing offerings. The trumeau of the door holds a statue of Saint John the Baptist—the image of Baptism which opens to man the portals of the Church. "I indeed baptize you in water—but he that shall come after me, he shall baptize you in the Holy Ghost and in fire."

To one who studies this doorway, it is full of vision. There is wind and fire in it. The sweeping rays over the heads of the Apostles fan their very garments into motion. In the little scenes, all is untiring, joyful activity, that breathless zeal in imparting the *magnalia Dei* to even the most remote and most degraded people of the earth. It is a supreme expression of the Spirit as It breathed over the twelfth century. St. Bernard preached the Second Crusade at Vézelay; Coeur de Lion and Philip Augustus rallied the armies of the Third there. The Crusades which did so much for the enlightenment, the culture, the conversion of the world! Then, too, the wounded Crusaders, the plague-stricken victims were ever a source of care and anxiety in those troublous times.

The luminous wings of the Holy Spirit hovered over the early Christian hospitals, when Guy of Montpellier, in the year 1180, founded the Hospitallers of the Holy Ghost to nurse the sick of his native town. So great was the renown of this organization that by 1198, Pope Innocent III called Guy to Rome to establish the Hospital of Santo Spirito which has rendered centuries of service to the inhabitants of the Eternal City. From there Holy Ghost Hospitals radiated over the face of Europe. And that unceasing missionary spirit, which sent the monks to distant lands to make known the truth of the Gospel! The great houses of Cluny were in forefront of the line

of march, ever true to the tradition of St. Benedict's Black Monks that nothing was too lavish to adorn the house of God. This ancient portal of Vézelay bears witness to that fact. It is one of the last great Romanesque porticos; but the breath of Gothic is in it. No wonder it has been called "worthy of Paradise."

The early Middle Ages produced this notable portal, but the later period has left us, as its swan-song, something very exquisite and very delicate on the Holy Ghost. If the spirit of Burgundy seems as full of stirring qualities as the rich red wine of the province, the temperament of Touraine is very different. Yet the latter was the center of artistic France when medievalism was being tinged with Humanism. The influences of two great existing schools—those of northern Flanders and southern Tuscany—met to blend, through the medium of French originality, a very wonderful group of distinctive painters who excelled in illumination. Their leader was Johan Fouquet. Etienne Chevalier's famous "Book of Hours" which Fouquet adorned with his brush, contained an Office of the Holy Spirit the seven parts of which were illustrated by the artist. Three of these miniatures are in the Fouquet collection at Chantilly. The author of a little booklet on this collection very ingenuously explains that one rarely finds seven illustrations in that particular Office, because the Holy Ghost had no terrestrial existence, so the miniaturists could not depict human acts of His, as of Our Lord and Our Lady. A difficulty neatly expressed!

The most beautiful of the three Holy Ghost paintings at Chantilly is the "Descent of the Holy Ghost in the Cenacle." Within a spacious, classic hall the Apostles sit, facing each other as in choir. At the end of the room, framed by an alcove, is the Blessed Mother, regally enthroned. The White Dove, in clear relief against the dark brown wooden roof, sends tongues of fire upon their heads. At first one wonders what is the special appeal of this picture—a subject frequently represented from age to age. Then one realizes the harmony and details of it all; the imposing, simple grandeur of the hall; the intense brilliance of the light; the flowing dignity of the richly-hued garments; the upturned folded hands; the rapt expressions of restrained and prayerful awe; the sublime look of heavenly peace and understanding on Our Lady's face. Fouquet, a link joining the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, has left us a masterpiece on the Holy Spirit in painting.

We have seen what the goldsmith, the sculptor, the artist have done for our subject. Someone has justly said that if architecture was the mistress art of the Middle Ages, her chief handmaids were sculpture and stained glass. There remains for us to consider the realm of stained glass.

It is a memorable experience to enter Saint Peter's at Rome on a June afternoon during the octave of Corpus Christi. The immense edifice is bathed in golden light. Around the Confession twinkle the myriads of oil lamps which ceaselessly burn there; but today, the High Altar itself is ablaze with tall, slender candles, like a flaming field of wheat. Above on a golden throne

is the Blessed Sacrament in a gleaming rock crystal monstrance. Directly behind the ostensorium, the rich glow of the setting sun streams through the Window of the Holy Dove, in the apse above St. Peter's Chair. Between the hazy blue mist, floating inside the great dome and the dazzling radiance that centers on the altar, as if hanging in mid-air, are the bold, proud words of the *Tu es Petrus*.

This scene is, in a way, a marvelous summary of the foregoing examples: the Blessed Sacrament, exposed in the light of the Holy Dove; overhead, where all may read, the foundation words of that Church which reaches to the earth's limits; and below, the body of the Prince of the Apostles upon whose head the Tongues of the Spirit rested on the first Pentecost Day.

## The Works of Man and the Works of God

HILAIRE BELLOC  
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**W**HEN I was in Cuneo towards the end of this past winter, I was so struck by the majesty which the town acquires from its position that my mind returned to a theme constantly present with me, and that is the success with which, until quite recent times, men used natural sites to express their sense of beauty and glory in building.

When the Reformation was completed, that is, by the middle of the seventeenth century, not quite three hundred years ago, the sense of fitness in a site seems to have died out with many another natural aptitude of the human spirit accommodating itself to its temporal surroundings.

It died out just as the sense of one general style in architecture died out, and gave place to endless experiments in the way of copying long dead forms and later (and much worse) to attempts at making something quite new without tradition behind, and therefore nondescript and hideous. And this paralysis of taste struck the Catholic culture almost as hard as it struck the Protestant culture, between which two Europe fell divided.

Cuneo spans upon a great platform thrust out into the plain of Piedmont. It is a natural formation comparable to the pedestal upon which men put their monuments. It has behind it the range of the Alps, of which it is a promontory and before it the great flat of the arable lands which fed the old kingdom of Savoy. It faces the morning and has behind it, against the west and to the south (for it is the corner and turning-point of the great heights), the belt of high snows which everywhere makes the horizon of that country.

Against such a background and overlooking such a vast prospect, the Piedmontese set up a city worthy of the site. It is not distinguished by very famous monuments, it has no great palace that I could find (but I did not search curiously) nor towers, nor famous statuary, but it is intimately married to the earth on which it stands and the form of its flat-topped hill.

A boulevard has been made round the escarpment where the old walls once stood.

You rise up into the town from every side save one, and from whichever point you approach you see it thus mastering the fields below and forming a natural capital; for it is evident that those who built it were steeped in the sense of the place in which they built.

Now so it was, as you will find as you look around you, in countless places of antiquity in the Middle Ages and in the Renaissance: I think one might almost say in all. Look how our fathers seized upon the rock of Durham and how, even today, after centuries of blindness and of the squalor of industrial capitalism poured over it, Durham still affects the eye, yes, even the eye of a man going in by train.

And so it is in this country with Ludlow, with the ruins of Beeston, with the great spire of Norwich rising above its water flats, with Boston Stump contrasted against the dead level of the Fens and with the towering mass of Lincoln at the end of its sharp ridge.

So it is with Shaftesbury, so it is with almost all of such as are left untouched of our lesser port towns and even some of our river towns.

On the Continent of Europe the examples are innumerable. Almost every Italian town not industrialized, still shows the use made of position. Germany is full of it and France and the outposts of our civilization towards the East. As you come up the narrow waterway into Danzig harbor you see at once how thoroughly the men who built there understood their business.

The fine walls, the great crowd of main warehouses, the sweep of the old quay, exactly correspond to what the eye requires as it enters the city. Our fathers did not need a hill nor any specially dramatic opportunity to understand their duty of good taste in this regard.

There was no natural site whatever which men in a right mood could not beautify and use for architectonic effect. Venice arose on a mass of hideous mud-flats washed by stagnant waters off a lifeless coast of reeds and marsh; and Venice was and is a marvel. Not only a marvel in itself, but in its exact accommodation to these islets and waters. The superb tower of Utrecht arose above a sluggish narrow ditch, the last trickle of the Rhine and in a barbarous land: it stands, with the old houses round about it, desecrated indeed by modern work and by abandonment of worship, but still a witness to what man could do when man still had vision.

And so it is throughout the ancient sites of Europe. Everywhere—until the disaster of 400 years ago—they were used to the full.

Shall we ever recover that profound unconscious instinct for the right thing in the right place in the way of building?

The answer to that question is simple enough. It is the same answer as must be given to all the anxious questions asked upon the salvation of our culture and the recovery of esthetic as of moral health. It is this: we shall recover the harmony between human building and the earth, between the works of man and the works of God, when we have recovered the unity of one whole and right philosophy covering our civilization. So long as we remain disunited, our evils will increase.

# A Century of Independence in Belgium

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DURING the month of April, Belgium started the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of its independence. One of the outstanding Catholic nations of the world, governed for many years by a Catholic party and producing such eminent Catholic leaders as Cardinal Mercier, this nation offers much of interest to Catholics throughout the world.

Belgium is of peculiar interest to Americans because there are few nations in modern times that have more truly gained the friendship and admiration of the American public at large. Our relations with Belgium furnish an effective answer to those who, not knowing us well, accuse us of being a cold-blooded race of dollar chasers, interested only in the material things of life and occupying ourselves in international affairs only so far as we benefit therefrom. The humanitarian work done under the direction of Americans in saving millions of Belgians, women and children, from starvation during the World War, and our subsequent role in the reconstruction of post-War Belgium, are matters of justifiable pride to every American. These practical and unselfish acts of friendship are almost unparalleled in the history of the world.

While the Belgian people can trace back their history over two thousand years, it was only one hundred years ago that, by a coalition of the Catholic and Liberal groups, they gained their independence and took their place among the sovereign nations of the world. For many centuries Belgium had been the political football of Europe, having at various stages of its history been under the rule of Spain, Austria, France, and the Netherlands. Only a few years ago, fresh in the memory of all of us, it seemed that Belgium was doomed to lose its independence. The Belgian people are especially grateful to the United States at this time because they feel that we were an important factor in warding off that impending catastrophe.

The United States had no small role to play in the original independence of Belgium. The American Revolution and its success did much to inspire Belgian patriots. The cry of "Belgium—America" was a familiar one in those times of stress. Two of the Revolutionary leaders, Van der Noot and Van der Meersch, were hailed as the "Belgian Franklin" and the "Belgian Washington." Following our example, the leaders baptized their new nation the United States of Belgium.

Although the original revolution of 1789 failed, its successor triumphed in 1830. The Constitution adopted at that time was the most liberal one in Europe and based in many important essentials on the Constitution of the United States. For example, many of the provisions of our Bill of Rights are found almost word for word in the Belgian Constitution. Our ideas of religious liberty were also incorporated at a time when

practically no nation in Europe gave much thought to tolerance. It is interesting to note that Catholicism has flourished in Belgium under these provisions and that while the Catholic group has often controlled the reins of government, other religions are given an equal opportunity. While the people are by a large majority Catholic, the Government contributes to the support of clergy whether they be Catholic, Protestant, or Jewish.

In the World War, the United States was solidly back of the restoration of Belgium and President Wilson made this condition one of his famous Fourteen Points.

While Belgium gained its independence in 1830, its complete sovereign rights were restricted by compulsory neutrality imposed upon it by the great Powers, and this was removed only within the last few years.

Few rulers are better known to the average American than Albert, King of the Belgians. His courageous refusal to give way to a vastly superior force during the World War, earned for him the admiration of the world. He remained with his troops at the front, accepting their lot as his own and continually exposing himself to enemy fire. Queen Elizabeth stayed with him throughout the War, serving as a nurse to wounded soldiers and looking out for their welfare. It would not be too much to say that the two modern national heroes of Belgium are King Albert and Cardinal Mercier. Cardinal Mercier has earned the respect and admiration of all Americans, regardless of religious affiliations. The bravery of this aged prelate in defying the enemies of his country and encouraging his people to resist invasion, is an epic of modern history. He was considered one of the most important factors in strengthening the morale of the Belgian people and encouraging them to continue the battle until they won ultimate success. His pastoral letters in those trying days are master studies of the religious and civil rights and obligations of man.

King Albert is a very democratic type, who has dedicated his life to the welfare of the masses of his people. He has been the intellectual leader of his country, taking an active role in furthering education and in promoting the sciences.

Our own President, Herbert Hoover, is considered by the Belgian people as their greatest international benefactor. He has the unique distinction of being the only person in the history of the world who holds the official title of "Friend of the Belgian People." His invaluable work in organizing and directing the Commission for Relief in Belgium is one of the links in the chain that binds the Belgian people to us by gratitude. Under Mr. Hoover's direction, this Commission sent food and clothing of a value of one billion dollars into occupied Belgium and France. In aid of this work, the Commission received gifts from the people of the United States to a total of \$35,000,000 in addition to loans of

nearly \$400,000,000 advanced by the United States Treasury to Belgium and France.

Since the War, this Commission has by means of an Educational Foundation continued its previous work of promoting closer educational relations between the United States and Belgium. The Commission and the Educational Foundation have expended large sums of money in aiding educational institutions in Belgium and providing exchanges of students and professors. During the past ten years it has arranged for the exchange of nearly 300 Belgian students and 100 American students, most of whom have been connected with faculties of universities. The group from Belgium has included also a number of distinguished professors, lecturers and scientists, who addressed American universities. In the exchange of students the Foundation has already expended more than \$800,000.

In checking official reports of the Foundation, it is rather curious to note that practically no students from Catholic colleges in America are sent to Belgium and practically none of the Belgians who come here go to Catholic colleges and universities. It is hard to explain this situation, although it may possibly be due to the inertia of Catholic colleges and universities in the United States and their students. There are no restrictions in the grants that would bar representatives of Catholic educational institutions or, on the other hand, which would make it impossible for Belgians to choose Catholic universities in the United States. It would seem advisable for American Catholic institutions and their students to take a more active interest in this matter, both in reference to exchange of students and professors. It is believed that the Educational Foundation will cooperate with Catholic institutions if properly approached.

Belgium has been a leader for many years in the field of higher education. The four principal universities in the order of the size of their enrolment are Louvain, Liège, Brussels and Ghent. Only recently, Louvain, which is the outstanding Catholic university of Belgium, celebrated the 500th anniversary of its founding. Its famous Library, destroyed during the War, was recently replaced largely through American generosity, consisting of contributions from practically every State in the American Union.

A few general facts about Belgium may be of interest. This nation with 8,000,000 people crowded into a territory the size of our State of Maryland, may seem tiny to us, and yet, she has been pre-eminent in many fields and today occupies a place of great importance among the nations of the world. Belgium is ruled by a very liberal and modern type of parliamentary government. While the executive authority is vested in the King, it is generally delegated to Ministers, who stay in power only so long as they have a parliamentary majority. While the Catholic party has always been a very important factor in Belgium and still is, during the period from 1884 to 1914 it was in control of the government. This is an extraordinarily long period (amounting to thirty years) for any one party to stay consecutively in power.

The strength of the Catholic party lay in the fact that its leaders have been progressive and liberal, and ready to adapt themselves to the new needs of the country. While the Catholic party was in control, the Constitution was revised, extending greatly the number of persons eligible to vote. It also put into effect a plan which has caused much comment throughout the world, namely, a provision requiring all eligible voters to vote under penalty of fine. This party also put into effect a proportional-representation system which insures that even small groups have some representation in Parliament. In its general ensemble, this thirty-year period can be characterized as a slow evolution towards a regime becoming more and more democratic.

The Catholic party played an important role in the defense of the rights of Catholic education. It was largely on this issue that they defeated the Liberal party in 1884 and came into power. Probably the greatest contribution the Catholic party made to the welfare of Belgium was its work of a social nature, improving the conditions of the working classes. The party took an active interest in improving generally living conditions of the working class, restricting labor of women and children, allowing for a day of rest each week, encouraging real estate insurance societies, agricultural syndicates, savings banks, and the like. This progressive social work of the Catholic group was an important factor in impeding the growth of the Socialist party.

One of the questions that has been a considerable problem in contemporary Belgian politics involves the relations between the Flemish-speaking and French-speaking sections of the population. Slightly over half of the population speak Flemish, forming the Flemish section, and most of the rest of the population speak French, forming the Walloon section. Many difficult problems have arisen as to the relative rights of these two groups to the use of their languages, to their representation in the government, and their shares of government offices. The disputes between these two groups furnished one of the causes for the downfall of the Catholic party after the War. However, the Catholic group still has an important role in the present Government. The present Government is a coalition of the Catholic and Liberal groups, the Prime Minister, M. Jaspar, being the head of the Catholic party. Recent developments tend to indicate that at least some of these Flemish grievances have been adjusted satisfactorily.

In considering conditions in Belgium today, it is well to take into account the enormous burdens left on her by the World War. Reconstruction of the devastated areas requires an expenditure of more than one billion dollars. She is forced to pay enormous sums for military pensions. She was compelled to build almost anew her industrial equipment. And yet today she is making progress never before equaled in her history. Her money has been stabilized, her budget better than balanced, and her general financial situation is rapidly clearing up.

Today Belgium is more highly industrialized than any country in Europe. Her machinery, being new, is of the most modern type. She employs over one million

persons in her factories. Before the War, Belgium was essentially the country of low wages. Since the War, wages have increased greatly, and working conditions changed radically. Albert Thomas, Director of the International Labor Office, stated in 1925 that in Belgium the status of the working class had improved more rapidly than in any other country since the War.

Belgium's industrial output has increased at a startling rate over pre-War times. For example, iron and steel have increased thirty-seven per cent, glass twenty-five per cent, paper four hundred per cent! In diamond cutting, Antwerp has become the first city of the world. Belgium's foreign trade today is not far short of two billion dollars a year. Per capita, she has three times as much foreign trade as the United States. Belgium exports annually some \$75,000,000 worth of goods to the United States and imports from us \$125,000,000 worth. So the balance of trade in our favor is about \$50,000,000 yearly.

One of the most important problems in connection with American export trade in Europe is the question of distribution from some central point. Many American firms have found it advisable to use Belgium and particularly Antwerp as a distribution center for their continental European business, because it is a convenient and economical point for reaching many parts of Europe. The number of American firms with establishments in Belgium for the administration of their business or the distribution of merchandise in Europe is many times as great now as it was before the War.

All Americans should admire this small but valiant nation which earned its independence with such great difficulty and maintained it against great odds. We should admire a nation that, in spite of the widespread devastation of war, has not only re-established itself politically, industrially and economically, but has reached heights never before attained in its history. We feel sure that all America joins Belgium in celebrating the centenary of its independence and in wishing her many more centuries of happiness and prosperity, which are the rightful inheritance of an enlightened, industrious and free people.

#### TREASURE-TROVE

A treasure chest of ancient mold  
Has burst its bonds of clay,  
And scattered coins of minted gold  
Across an April day.

Soft silver lace and fluffy plume  
To catch the birch tree's eye,  
While luring scarves of iris bloom  
Will tempt each passer-by.

The jonquil blades with rapier thrust  
Have pierced the waking earth,  
And furtively peep through the crust  
Of winter . . . and re-birth

Is in the air. Expectantly  
I stand with bated breath  
To see what April holds for me  
As life is wrestling death.

SHIRLEY DILLON WAITE.

#### Warning to Poets

MARY H. KENNEDY

**R**OSE-MARIE entered in a gusty rush, eyes starlit, cheeks glowing, a charming and provocative figure and in her usual excited vein.

"Why do some people have to be so contrary?" she cried, after bestowing an enthusiastic kiss midway between my left eyelid and right eyebrow, settling herself familiarly before my library desk and unburdening her arms of tablets, several pencils, a fountain pen, an anthology of verse, a thesaurus and a dictionary.

"Has the Federal Government forbidden freedom of thought?" I countered lightly.

"Godmother MacKay thinks that it should forbid spring poets!" trumpeted Rose-Marie. I looked skeptical.

Rose-Marie shifted her slight self impatiently. "Now, for pity's sake, darling, don't let's quibble over words. I hold that she is without sentiment. I am *not* speaking about *sentimentality*. That's merely an affectation of sentiment. I mean *sentiment*—'the susceptibility to noble, tender, artistic feelings.' A person ought to feel nobly, tenderly, artistically about spring and the spring poets. Godmother MacKay never feels this way concerning such—so she says. She's so one-track-minded. Exactly like a Prohibitionist. And she will be that pretty soon if we don't do something about it."

"A Prohibitionist!" I said. "How awful! How in the world did you two come to talk on such a subject?" I inquired.

Rose-Marie waved a graceful hand toward the windows. "It's spring, isn't it?" The windows were closed, a light snow blowing wetly against them. The wind was whistling about the house and down the fireplace chimney. Though the room was warm I shivered nevertheless.

"Officially," was my comment.

"One has to rise above adverse natural conditions," Rose-Marie chided. "Spring is always fickle. That's what makes her so beautifully interesting. I love spring. As much as I love poets." Again I shivered.

"Godmother MacKay doesn't. I had an idea that I could make her feel my way about it. I didn't succeed by any stretch of the imagination but before I left she decided to—no, I won't tell you yet what she decided to do. It would spoil my story. I know now though that she *feels* spring despite the fact that she doesn't feel it nobly, tenderly or artistically."

This statement piqued my curiosity. "How did the argument start?"

"Through my endeavor to be a good Samaritan," asserted Rose-Marie. "But it really wasn't an *argument*. It was a one-sided proclamation of another's bill of rights. The common *argument* of all Prohibitionists! Godmother is housed in, you know. She wouldn't go to Florida this season because she said all signs pointed to a mild winter. She read scads of almanacs, woods' journals and fishermen's periodicals and such sort of literature and she concluded from these that we were to have an open winter."

When in November winter began its furious onslaughts she firmly believed in her signs. She still does. Her signs haven't gone awry, it's winter! But I think that's what's partly the matter with her. Everybody simply hates to turn out a false prophet. Well, anyway, she's housed in. So when Dickie Dillon asked me to read a paper 'On Spring Poets' before his poetical society 'The Bards' I decided to go over to Godmother's and discuss it with her and write it there."

"Oh, Rose-Marie!" I protested.

"Perhaps I erred," reflected Rose-Marie. "But Godmother is very intellectual and has a splendid memory, besides a large and comfortable library. And heaven knows I needed help. Then I thought talking of spring and doing some research work among the nature poets with her might buoy her up and she would forget her signs and the miseries of a shut-in winter."

"It's such an uncertain subject, spring," I murmured.

"Any subject is an uncertain subject with Godmother.

. . . But I suppose the weather is the most unreliable of all topics. At first she wouldn't even acknowledge that spring is here. I went in upon her at a most inauspicious moment, I'll admit. The janitor had just burned out the furnace grate, the roof was leaking, so the upstairs maid was reporting, and the new cook had served what Godmother termed 'bullets' for breakfast. They were more like brown marbles than either bullets or biscuits and I suggested that perhaps the cook had the spring fever. I shouldn't have said that. It antagonized Godmother immediately. Spring became the focus point of all her sarcasm. This silly sentiment about the season was wholly nauseating, she told me. And for a grown woman to stand up before a club and read a paper on 'Spring' was a plain indication of mental debility. She was ashamed of me. And she ended up by saying that all poets should be prohibited, especially spring poets."

"What else did she say?" I asked with relish. Rose-Marie's Scotch Godmother is always exhilarating.

"Plenty. . . . She insisted that most of the poets writing about spring were melancholy fellows and guilty of inciting the populace to a like state of being. Either they had eaten burnt biscuits for breakfast, had a cold in their head or just learned that the roof over it was leaking or being foreclosed."

"You will have to prove your statement, Godmother," I said.

"It's easy to prove," returned Godmother. "Take Whittier's verses for instance about early spring: "'Tis Springtime on the eastern hills, Like torrents gush the summer rills" he begins, to sing on for a few lines about the blue eye of the violet, the southwest wind, the springing grass—and to finish by reminding us of *sassafras*!"

"Oh, Godmother!"

But Godmother was not to be stopped. 'Listen to Herrick sobbing about daffodils: "We have short time to stay as you, We have as short a Spring; As quick a growth to meet decay, As you, or anything." What was the matter with him? Indigestion I say. . . . Then, look at Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey. Certainly if anybody had sufficient cause for melancholia we will all

agree that he had but why put it in a description of spring and inflict the thing on us? "And thus I see among these pleasant things, Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs." And Coleridge, Hartley Coleridge, that is, goes into rapture about the song of the lark and the nightingale but he has to spoil it all by telling us the nightingale's mirth is pierced by sighs and that tonight must pass and woe may come tomorrow. Spring is no time for poets to write. The weather is too risky. They evidently take off their flannels too early. They have too many colds in the head—or fever in their bones or something like that.'

"Poets are wonderful!" I maintained.

"Poets are doleful creatures," said Godmother. "And some of them know it, too. When Walter Landor wrote his lines to "The Briar" I conjecture it was housecleaning time and that he had been told in no uncertain words to take his quills and parchment out of the house and stay out for a good long while."

"But why, Godmother?"

"Read his verses. See how he closes them, addressing the briar "that smells so sweet At gentle Spring's first heat"—"but freed from life, you then are prized; thus prized are poets, too."

"That's something for Dickie to memorize," I said.

"There's a great deal for him to *learn*," replied Godmother. "In writing poetry on spring the poets seem to be jaundiced. The advent of the first fly sets off one to mourn the shortness of life, the chirping of a grasshopper occasions another to prate of his starved existence, a bumble bee reminds another of his want and woe. The wind makes one poet start and weep and tremble, it makes another wish to be a lyre. The blue bird means a blue nose to one, naturally a woman poet, and spring itself is berated and called lusty and harder names by not a few. Most of this so-called spring poetry isn't *Spring* poetry at all. It is written in the late winter months, I think."

"It has to be," I told her. "Magazines are made up so long before the month of publication."

"It would be better if they never published spring poems. Poets who write on spring should be prohibited."

"If we could pension them or give them cooks who won't serve bullets for biscuits and keep their houses free from leaks and mortgages and rid their prosaic wives and husbands of their provoking tempers it would be the best thing the world ever did. Are the poets singing in Russia today or in Mexico?"

"Don't you *feel* Spring?" I asked in despair.

"I do," returned Godmother.

"Oh! How wonderful! Tell me about it!"

"My rheumatism is always worse this time of year," said Godmother. "And since I have been talking with you about the season I have decided to remind cook to fix some sulphur and molasses. My blood feels as if it needs a spring tonic."

"So you did make her feel spring!" I smiled. "What happened then?"

"I left," pouted Rose-Marie.

"And your paper?"

Rose-Marie chuckled. "I have stolen a lot of God-mother's thunder and I am warning all poets to take a big dose of sassafras before they write on spring—or else they may be prohibited."

"Funny," I mused, "how so many of these Prohibitionists indulge in the thing they want prohibited—for the other person. And how much they know about it!"

"Why, I never thought about that!" exclaimed Rose-Marie. "That is going to be the climax for my paper!"

Incidentally it is the climax to mine.

## Sociology

### Negro Health Week: A National Movement

VICTOR H. DANIEL

*Principal, The Cardinal Gibbons Institute*

IT would be difficult to place too much emphasis on the importance of health to any people. This being so, it is most encouraging to note the number and character of the agencies which are cooperating with the National Negro Health Week.

Americans are frequently accused of being chronic "joiners," ready to organize on the slightest pretext; and there is little doubt that because of this tendency, many fads have been foisted upon a credulous public. But the Health-Week work is no fad. It is organized self-preservation. According to Dr. John A. Kenney, resident physician at Tuskegee Institute for twenty-two years (1902-1924), two epidemics of typhoid at the Institute, one in 1907, with ninety-six cases and two deaths, followed by a second in 1908, with fifty-eight cases and four deaths, were the real incentives which started the activities culminating several years later in the National Negro Health and Clean-Up Week, started by the late Dr. Booker T. Washington, and sponsored by the National Negro Business League.

Beginning in that part of Macon County, Alabama, adjacent to Tuskegee, the work of eradicating conditions prejudicial to health has in sixteen years extended to include the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Delaware, District of Columbia, Florida, Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, Pennsylvania, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia, West Virginia, California, Colorado and Washington. Within this area lives ninety-seven per cent of the Negro population of the country. Active cooperation in these States was given by the United States Public Health Service; State Health Departments; State Departments of Public Welfare; City Health Departments; County Health Departments; Local Red Cross Units; Medical Associations; State Departments of Education; Jeanes Fund Supervisors; Local Schools; State and County Agricultural and Home Demonstration Agents; Insurance Companies; Inter-racial Committees; Local Branches of The National Urban League and Women's Clubs,—a national participation beyond a doubt.

As a matter of fact, the work of "Health Week" has

long out-grown its original limitations. The report for 1930 from the Department of Records and Research at Tuskegee (Dr. Monroe N. Work in charge) says:

The program of observance included lectures; motion pictures; distribution of literature; clinics; health demonstration pageants; athletic and physical education features. There was also the usual clean-up and paint-up. In many communities plans were made for a year-round follow-up of the Health Week activities. It is gratifying in the Health-Week observance, to see the growth of more practical health activities in addition to the usual educational propaganda. One of the most important features of Health-Week observance since its inception has been the opportunity it has afforded for inter-racial cooperation. This cooperation is largely responsible for the practical results being secured.

One of the reasons, perhaps, for the rapid growth of this work, is its adaptability. The objective of the national movement kept always in mind, a practical-minded committee can accomplish a tremendous amount of good by building a program suited in scope and detail to the needs of its particular locality. In Southern Maryland, for instance, the Cardinal Gibbons Institute has planned and developed a program for the rural population, which embraces hundreds of families located in three counties, and is carried on over a period of two months or more (February, March and part of April). Its reports for 1930 show 1,136 improvements made in living conditions during this year's campaign, including 221 houses painted or white-washed, two houses re-roofed; five new houses built; one school painted and grounds improved; 104 houses screened; four porches screened; twenty-five out-buildings repaired; forty-nine out-buildings whitewashed; five new out-buildings constructed; twelve wells improved; eighty-eight yards improved; seven new privies; two new barns; four kitchens improved; thirty-five dining rooms improved; thirty-nine fences repaired, and 295 gardens planted. This is indicative of the results that can be secured with a well-planned but flexible method of procedure. Such a program must necessarily be carefully planned long in advance, and owing to difficulties of transportation, which is dependent on the weather where roads are poor, will inevitably require weeks instead of days to complete.

As a program for urban and suburban communities, where daily meetings are possible, the National Negro Health Week Committee offered the following suggestions for this year's observance (only the more important points of the outline are here given):

**SUNDAY. Mobilization Day.** Health sermons and lectures by clergymen and doctors. Emphasize mother and infant welfare, to reduce high infant mortality.

**MONDAY. Home Health Day.** Personal and Home Hygiene talks by doctors and social workers. Health films, exhibits and demonstrations.

**TUESDAY. Community Sanitation Day.** Destroy breeding places of flies and mosquitoes. Screen homes and stores.

**WEDNESDAY. School Health Day.** Health programs in schools. School premises put in sanitary condition.

**THURSDAY. Adults' Health Day.** Health Examinations. Emphasize: (1) Fresh air; (2) Right diet; (3) Good cheer; (4) Proper living; (5) Regular examination; (6) Early treatment.

**FRIDAY. Special Campaign Day.** Devoted to focusing public opinion on special community health problems. Churches should receive special attention as to both their own needs and their influences.

**SATURDAY.** *General Clean-up Day.* Complete all cleaning of homes, buildings and premises. Supervisory committee should direct last work-day.

**SUNDAY. Report and Follow-up Day.** Committees should prepare report and send copy or summary of report to newspaper, National Negro Health Week Committee and cooperating organizations. Plans should be started for year-round follow-up.

Occasionally a question arises as to the necessity for this special work for Negroes, especially in those localities where there is no official racial discrimination, and where, therefore, the Negro is included in the regular health programs of the local governments. The answer to this seems obvious. The necessity for special work will remain as long as undesirable living conditions exist. And even among those who live well, the stimulus of the concerted yearly effort to improve the environment and take stock of personal health is invaluable. Every year science makes its new contributions to the cause of human progress, and the yearly observance of health week carries these findings directly and convincingly to the people most in need of them. In the matter of health, there is need for all the aid that private as well as public services can render. When, therefore, as in the case of National Negro Health Week, official aid for the general public is supplemented by private aid for special groups, both the special groups and the general public are benefited, whether they be Negro or Scandinavian, Protestant, Catholic or non-Christian.

No one knows better than the Catholic clergy the need for special effort among members of their parishes, whether urban or rural. These pastors could hardly make a more valuable contribution to the welfare of Negroes living within their parishes (Catholic or not) than to join vigorously in the yearly observance of the Negro health movement, using their own intimate knowledge of conditions in their parishes as a criterion for the work to be done.

This work, according to the locality under consideration, may be of long or of short duration. Cooperation with other agencies, where these are already in the field, is an excellent starting point. The National Office at Tuskegee Institute issues no regulations. It merely offers suggestions. To a clergy that is acutely aware of the difficulties of sowing spiritual seed in squalor, this work of community improvement offers a foundation of clean and inspiring physical surroundings. Originating within the Negro group, and encouraged by their Church as well, this effort will doubtless meet with as ready a response among Catholic Negroes as it has already met with among non-Catholic members of the race, with whom they should whole-heartedly join hands. If germs can cross both religious lines and color lines, cooperation certainly can.

For the clergy who have colored parishes, or in whose parishes or dioceses there are large numbers of Negroes, there could hardly be a project more satisfying in every respect, or one more worthy of their earnest attention. Informative literature may be obtained from the National Negro Health Week Committee, Tuskegee Institute, Alabama, while the Cardinal Gibbons Institute, at Ridge, Maryland, will be glad to offer suggestions for country programs to rural pastors and lay workers.

## Education

### More Idolatry

SISTER M. VERONICA, C.S.C.

OME attempts have been made to dislodge the idol of "take the ten following pages," "work the next five examples," etc., but entire success has not attended the effort. Half, more than half, the drudgery of school work can be eliminated by the giving of a good helpful assignment. No sensible person would send a child out into the mazes of a big city's streets to find his way alone to some desired spot. There might be danger to his body, and perhaps to his soul, in this procedure, and the care exercised in such cases is most commendable.

But why limit it to occurrences of this kind? Why not extend it to the all-important matter of education? Be as specific, give as minute, careful direction, and as much well-timed assistance, in helping a child to study his lesson, as you would in keeping him from getting lost in a big city. His education is worth it, and there need be no danger of his becoming dependent. The more he succeeds in doing with your help now, the better able he is to help himself later. Those who worship the idol of over-much written work are the worst offenders in this respect. So much of their time is spent in correcting papers that no time is left for lesson planning, which always includes the giving of the right sort of an assignment. By all means make the pupil work, but show him how to work, how to get results from his study. In other words, teach him *how* to study, dethrone the idol of indefiniteness, and put in its place a definite study plan, a certain objective, with an outline of the means to reach it.

More of the pupil's work is done for him and more effort involved in the process, by those who finish his statements, by those who supply words when he hesitates, by those who supply half, if not more, of his history recitation, because they lack patience to wait for his halting speech, than would be required to make him stand on his own feet, and do his own work, on a definite plan.

In one instance in which the idolatry is foisted upon the Catholic school, which becomes the victim rather than the sinner. It must be admitted that the school is rather a willing victim at times, at least it does not make very effective protests. This kind of idolatry is in evidence when the school is blamed or held responsible for the conduct of its pupils past or present, when the very finger of scorn is pointed at the institution whenever one of its disciples proves unworthy, as if it were some sort of an infallible, omniscient, almighty concern which could diagnose every species of human vagary, foresee the results, and provide a remedy which would function all through life. Such conditions would make a teacher's calling ideal, for they would eliminate the element of uncertainty, the one most tantalizing point in the process—not knowing whether one is succeeding or not. The teacher knows his aim, the way to reach it, and the reason for so doing, but he must reckon with the unstable human element, the child. Therefore he cannot count on success, and he should not be obliged to take undeserved blame.

A defaulting cashier does not discredit the banking concern with which he was connected. His act is his own. The Government is not called to the bar of justice like a culprit, when one of its officials betrays a trust, whether it be a matter of honesty, or failure to measure up to the standard along any other line. It punishes the offender, but it does not consider that its integrity needs defending. The army and the navy condemn a man for conduct "unbecoming a gentleman" but the whole organization is not impeached because one individual fell from grace.

But not so with the Catholic school. It is held accountable for its pupils from one generation to another. The members of the faculty may die or be transferred to duty elsewhere; the buildings may be torn down and new ones put in their place, or the schools may be changed to other sites. But should any of the students ever fail seriously enough to fall into the hands of the persistent reporter who wants a story for his paper, the Catholic school is sure of a bit of unpleasant notoriety. Once the fact that the culprit ever attended such a school, is published, the whole system becomes guilty, and all the good it has achieved is forgotten.

But why should we accept such a verdict? Our comparatively few failures certainly do not warrant the condemnation occasionally meted out to us. There is always the temptation to judge a religious organization by its failures, yet the angels fell in heaven, and no one blames Heaven for their mishap. Adam and Eve fell in the garden of Eden, and no blame is attached to the garden or to the education they received there. Judas was a failure in the school taught by Christ, Himself, and who will dare to lay the blame to the Master Teacher of all time? No one claims that Catholic schools and Catholic teachers are perfect—more's the pity—but even the worst enemies of Catholic education must admit that its ideals are perfect and if they fail of realization, the failure is due to the weakness of the poor human instruments entrusted with their working out.

Then, why so much humiliation on the part of teachers when a pupil fails, why so much apparent jubilation on the part of the public when a product of a Catholic school goes wrong? Simply because we have gotten our heads and shoulders above the common crowd, and anyone, or any institution that does this, is bound to have enemies, who rejoice at failure or seeming failure. No matter how high the ideals and how great the ability of the teacher, the will of the pupil must be taken into account in the teaching process. The old saying, "you may lead a horse to water, but you can not make him drink," finds a like application here. Because a child attended a Catholic school, was subjected to its teaching, was influenced by its environment, is no guarantee that he will respond to each and work out his salvation accordingly.

It is much to be regretted that pupils do not always live up to the teaching given in the Catholic schools. Unfortunately the many conflicting influences at work on the young outside the school, make this a difficult task for weak wills and immature minds. Then, too, the time spent in the school is so slight compared with that lived elsewhere that the school really does not get a fair chance to

establish its claims before the outside influences combine to defeat them. In some cases the laying of a right foundation on which the after-life conduct may function is made morally impossible.

No school can erect on a poor foundation a structure that will stand the strain and temptation of after years. No one with a degree of understanding would expect such a miracle. It is perfectly right to go down into the depths to seek for the lost sheep who has strayed from the paths mapped out in Catholic school days, and to give all the help possible. But it is quite another thing to let ourselves be held responsible for their sins, to have their crimes laid at our doors because some of our students are too weak or too sorely tempted to resist the lure of sin.

Neither our schools nor our teachers are infallible, and we make no claim to the working of miracles. Moreover, we must labor with the material given us by the Creator. We can not add one cubit to the native ability of the child, be it much or little. All we can do is to try to make of the individuals the best men or women they are capable of becoming, and this is not done by force.

### **With Script and Staff**

GATHERING thunder-clouds had driven the golfers in from the course; and our three friends, Raphael, Ralph and Rufus, took refuge in the glassed porch of the club. All that I heard was the continuation of some discussion that had arisen as they walked up the hill.

*Ralph.* So you think the treaty ought to go through?

*Rufus.* Better than nothing. But why did we stick out as much as we did? Why could we not have simply taken the lead, and declared our willingness to disarm? Then everyone would have followed.

*Ralph.* Would they? See what opposition the Japanese delegates met with for signing the peace.

*Rufus.* That simply shows that people should be taught the peace spirit. It's only the politicians anyhow that think about war. The common people have no use for it. No ordinary man wants to fight another ordinary man just because he is a foreigner.

*Raphael.* Look at those rain drops sliding down the window pane. They are all peaceful enough with one another. Yet, when they are gathered together by the billions, up there in the sky, there is a difference in electric potential between the clouds which they form. Those clouds are stored with unseen energy. They meet: the potential is discharged, the lightning flashes, and you have a terrific crash. In the same way a potential of enmity can be stored up in mankind, which leads to a crash, just when you least expect it. You must combat war with something else than merely the peace spirit.

*Rufus.* But if war is a state of mind, what difference does it make whether it is stored up in great numbers of minds or in small? Isn't the way to drive out a bad feeling, to put a good feeling in its place?

*Raphael.* If war, or the feeling for war, were simply a feeling or emotion, that might be true. But it is not. What threatens the peace of the world is, *in itself*, not an emotional state at all. It is a false philosophy of life.

It is a cold calculation that certain things are good and desirable. Put in plain language, it is the idea, the conviction, that the enjoyment and possession of unlimited material wealth is the supreme good of humanity. Given this principle, which a man can hold with as little emotion as the multiplication table, it can lead indifferently to an interested peace or a calculated war.

*Ralph.* Can sound business ever lead to war?

*Raphael.* Perfectly sound business—well, that is something to talk of separately. But given that difference in "potential" that I spoke of: given groups with profoundly varying philosophies of life and standards of life's values, with no common higher ground on which they can meet, and you have the sort of conflict which we see developing today between fatalistic India and a Britain divided and weakened by sectarianism, that has not been able to offer a spiritual ideal commensurate with its advantages of good government.

*Rufus.* Well, you can talk all you want about varying philosophies, and such. It seems to me the simplest thing is to say that war is a sin and be done with it.

*Ralph.* That's just pacifism, plain and simple.

*Raphael.* If taken in a universal sense: of denying to a country's citizens even the right of legitimate self defense. I don't think Rufus wants to go as far as that. War, however, that is avoidable by just means; war of aggression, war as an "instrument of national policy," we do grant to be a sin.

*Ralph.* If that is the case, how could the individual soldier or sailor save his soul; since as a rule he has no way to discriminate?

*Raphael.* War is a collective sin; and the individual is responsible, just as far as he is responsible for the acts of the entire community, neither more nor less.

*Rufus.* But doesn't the whole community now-a-days wage the war, quite as much as the soldiers and sailors? The telephone operator and the fellow that raises beans for the army to feed on is fighting about as much as the men in the trenches.

*Raphael.* All the more reason why the community should feel their responsibility.

*Rufus.* So we should make them *feel right* about peace.

*Raphael.* If sin came merely from the feelings, yes. But the first step to be taken in combatting sin is to educate the conscience, to give people the right concept of what is right and wrong.

*Ralph.* Don't you think people's consciences are being educated by the splendid developments that have taken place in the last ten or eleven years: the work of the League of Nations, of the World Court, of the various peace societies, etc.? Look at all the treaties now in force for judicial procedure and conciliation, the disputes which are now submitted to arbitration, etc. Look at the way the Foreign Ministers of England, France and Italy quietly got together over in Geneva last week and talked over their differences, and left a group of experts behind. Do not these tend to educate the people's consciences?

*Raphael.* They do, and they are part of the great process. Facts, procedure and conventions bring issues ever more closely to the real points at issue. They are

the indispensable machinery for an enlightened conscience to *act with*. Just as when you have the gunman's tools lying around, evil is apt to find its opportunity; so when you have the machinery of justice prepared, justice is going to feel encouraged to function. But, on the other hand, the very development of these means of peace has proved the need of the international conscience.

*Rufus.* You mean that the more these guys sit around the green table the more they get tangled up in the question of how to stop war by waging war. They're wondering how to lock up and starve out a wild man, so as he can't shoot up the neighborhood, without having to take their coats off to do it.

*Raphael.* Precisely: the question of military sanctions only starts that of economic sanctions; and then we get back to where we started from, which is the difference of political intention, of "potential," between the various rulers and the various nations in their national ideals.

*Ralph.* Well, then, where will you make a start?

*Raphael.* By handling the collective sin pretty much as we do the individual sin. First, we must recognize the complexity of the causes of sin. To quote a recent French writer (Victor Dillard, *Etudes*, March 5, 1930):

War is like sin in the complexity of its causes. The analysis of an individual's sin lays bare a hidden chain of acts whose first link is sometimes found to go back to the very dawn of reason. So, too, when there has been a long and progressive process of preparation the immediate act is found to lose a good deal of its guilt in view of the influence of ancient habits and unnoticed reactions. In like manner, the causes of war—of every war—are found interlaced in a complexity which is as difficult to disentangle as history itself. The psychologist will have one way of explaining the disaster of 1914: the economist will have another method, the diplomat another, the philosopher another. Was William II more responsible than Bismarck? or than Nietzsche? or Hegel? or Luther?

Then, the sinner needs to be dealt with gently. He cannot be forced, dragooned into justice. To attempt to force men violently into peace can produce the contrary reaction in our capricious generation, and people who now shudder at "All's Quiet" will be declaiming that "guns and planes are more potent than words." The conscience, not the emotion, is our line of first attack.

*Ralph.* How can you reach their consciences?

*Raphael.* By getting men to see *plainly* the international consequences, for good or for evil, in our modern civilization, of their *ordinary actions in public life*. Today, your life and conduct not only as a Cabinet Minister or diplomat, but as a business man or manufacturer, as a professional man, or teacher, or writer, can, and does, intimately affect international relations.

*Ralph.* That's a difficult idea to get across.

*Raphael.* Ideas, however, "are intellectual seeds, which create new worlds from their inner driving power."

If the international responsibilities of the individual American citizen are thoroughly studied, in our Catholic colleges and study-groups; if we can find men with the brains, the eloquence and the courage to bring home these responsibilities to the class of men who are most bound by them, we shall do something to stop the sin of war.

"They've got to go to confession first, though," muttered Rufus, as he strolled out to take a deep breath of the rain-washed air after the storm.

THE PILGRIM.

Literature

## 500 Books in the White House

JOSEPH J. REILLY

**W**HEN the Committee of Ten appointed by the American Booksellers' Association recently named the five hundred books which, after due pondering, they had selected for the about-to-be-established White House Library, the world did not exactly hold its breath in awesome expectation, but a few Americans doubtless paused long enough to scan the list with pardonable curiosity. Would this list, we wondered, resemble famous lists of the past, the one, say, that the omnivorous Macaulay took when he set out across the world for India? Would it prove a kind of potpourri or be characterized by directive taste and judgment? How far did it reveal a conception of permanent literary values? How far were the "great unread" admitted?

Beyond the general statement that it aimed to "suit the moods" of present and future occupants of the White House, the Committee made no answer to these and similar unposed questions of the curious. People who read for any intelligent purpose are depressingly conscious that life is short and that, alas! "of the making of books there is no end." Thus they learn to be discriminating and to eschew the second rate, confident that every mood can be satisfied by some work which bears the stamp of genius.

Let us glance at the Committee's list. It is subdivided into fiction (standard, contemporary, and detective), biography, history, politics and world affairs, travel, poetry, drama, essays and philosophy, science and sociology, the arts, fine and applied, books for boys and girls.

Under standard fiction, one meets some more or less mild surprises: the list includes Borrow's "Lavengro," Kingsley's "Westward Ho," Butler's "The Way of All Flesh," Crane's "The Red Badge of Courage," and Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster"; but it omits five of the greatest masterpieces of English fiction: "Scenes from Clerical Life," "Mill on the Floss," "Kenilworth," "Old Mortality" (Coleridge's admiration), and Thackeray's "Newcomes." "Pilgrim's Progress" is present, perhaps as a conciliatory gesture in the direction of the "great unread."

The caption "Contemporary Fiction," like charity, covers a multitude of bizarre judgments. Sherwood Anderson, James Branch Cabell, and Dreiser score, each a clay idol of the hour. One of Dreiser's entries is "An American Tragedy," in whose mirthless, interminable pages art gives up the ghost. One finds Hemingway's "Farewell to Arms" (which Robert Herrick and Owen Wister agree in calling "garbage"), Erskine's anemic "Helen of Troy," and "Swann's Way" by the sickly Proust of whom the truth was told in "The Doctor Looks at Literature." Willa Cather and Mrs. Wharton score twice, and as the outstanding American novelists of the day, they deserve to. Double scores are made by (among others) Hergesheimer, Sinclair Lewis, the almost forgotten but clever Frank Norris, Ellen Glasgow, and Stewart Edward White, but Barrie scores only once, "The

Little Minister" being excluded. Under standard fiction, there are fifty-five titles, under contemporary fiction one hundred and eight, and under detective fiction, (eloquent of the rage of the hour) twenty, a proportion which suggests a question or two anent the conjectured moods and taste of chief executives.

Biography has come into its own these past two years and with the advent of the "three musketeers," the English Strachey, the French Maurois, and the German Ludwig, with their "new methods," there has been a veritable deluge of biographies. The present list is surprising by its comparative brevity and by omissions as notable as its inclusions. We find Mr. Coolidge's "Autobiography," a "Life of Mark Hanna," Hackett's "Henry the Eighth," Lewisohn's "Upstream," and two volumes by Mr. Strachey, "Queen Victoria," and that triumph of misdirected irony, "Eminent Victorians." Such brilliant studies of great statesmen of the past as Warde Fowler's "Julius Caesar," Strachan Davidson's "Cicero," and Wheeler's "Alexander the Great" are strangely absent. So, too, is Plutarch, the most famous and perhaps the ablest biographer of all time.

Of the three English biographies universally called the greatest, Boswell's "Johnson," Trevelyan's "Macaulay," and Lockhart's "Scott," only Boswell is admitted. Of the three most famous autobiographies ever written, one, St. Augustine's "Confessions" is admitted (under "Philosophy") and the other two, Rousseau's "Confession" and Newman's "Apologia" are entirely excluded. We look in vain for Leigh Hunt's celebrated "Autobiography," thronged with notable figures of the Romantic Movement, and for De Quincey's "Confessions," the most brilliant thing of its kind in the language. Belloc's "Richelieu" is admitted, rightly enough, but no place is found for his finer "Marie Antoinette" which crowns his right to be called the greatest of living English biographers. Among conspicuous omissions are Jacob Riis' "Making of an American" and Agnes Repplier's "Père Marquette." Allen Tate's "Stonewall Jackson" scores, but not the finest study of Jackson ever written, the fascinating work by Lieutenant Colonel Henderson.

The caption "History, Politics, and World Affairs" has to bear an extremely liberal interpretation. The volumes selected, so far as they can be termed history at all, reflect the sharp post-War trend toward foreshortening the backgrounds until one wonders whether the rising generation will suppose that "nothing much happened" until the middle of the eighteenth century. Bryce is represented by one book, not however his classic "Holy Roman Empire." The ablest of nineteenth-century English historians, Lord Acton, is conspicuous by his absence, but Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero Worship" (*belles lettres* or nothing) is included! Does dour Thomas, one wonders, snort with surprise in his corner of the Elysian Fields? Parkman scores twice, but not with his incomparable "Jesuits in North America." Madelin's "French Revolution" is among the missing, but Van Loon's "Story of Mankind" and Wells' "Outlines" are included. In the name of authentic history, what a pair of surprises!

Let us turn next to drama which gives the Committee

another opportunity for a lark. A gesture is made in the direction of ancient culture by the admission of Euripides, but the door swings to against Aeschylus and Sophocles, both generally conceded to be Euripides' equal, if not his superior. The question arises, "Why Euripides?" Is it, perchance, because he reflects that phase of the modern temper which takes refuge in challenge and denial? Perhaps the brilliant "Frogs" of Aristophanes was forgotten, but why omit Molière, "The Learned Ladies," say, or the "Would-be Gentleman," or "The Misanthrope," all of which have been performed brilliantly in America? Shakespeare is admitted, complete. Shaw and Ibsen score with three each. (When will somebody appear brave enough to insist that G. B. S. is not really a dramatist at all?) Eugene O'Neill is represented by one play, "Anna Christie." Mr. O'Neill is not the only evidence of the "sad young man" note in the Committee's library, a note as old as Euripides and now regarded as a mark of intellectual distinction, by those who affect it.

"Essays—Philosophy" come next. I confess this group leaves me a little breathless. The Committee, like politics, makes strange bedfellows. Here are many "reliables," ancient and modern: Marcus Aurelius, Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, Emerson, Irving's "Sketch Book," Elia, Montaigne, Stevenson. Cheek by jowl appear Joseph Wood Krutch, Christopher Morley and Henry Mencken. A dazzling array of English essayists comes to mind, Hazlitt, Carlyle, Macaulay, Ruskin, Newman, Thackeray, Matthew Arnold, but none appears. How richly they would have added to the intellectual vitamins of this list!

Philosophy is, by a *tour de force*, linked up with essays. There are Royce, James, Dewey, and, with another of those gestures in which the Committee has indulged before, Plato. The *reductio ad absurdum* lies ahead: here are Havelock Ellis, Will Durant, and—scoring twice—Bertrand Russell! The alphabet has an irony of its own: next to Russell is, of all men, St. Augustine, deepest of thinkers and scourge of pagans! Let us cast another glance over this list. No, Chesterton is not here. In the name of sweetness and light and sanity, what a pity! Missing, too, is Harvey Wickham, whose advent would have let fresh air and sunlight in upon Proust (in fiction), Havelock Ellis (in philosophy), and G. A. Dorsey and his "Why We Behave Like Human Beings" (in science).

And now for poetry. Anthologies, of course, are plentiful enough, although neither of Stedman's rich collections is included. Individual poets are represented: Burns, Chaucer, Dante, Goethe's "Faust," Homer's "Iliad" and "Odyssey," Keats, Milton, Shelley, Francis Thompson. Of our famous Americans, Longfellow and Whitman are admitted. Whether Whitman is a poet at all is still an open question, but the Committee yields him the bays while it excludes Poe, considered by some critics the only real poet America has produced. Our surprises are not over. Coleridge, one of the supreme masters of music in English verse, is out, but we must not repine, for Robert Frost is in. Rossetti, Matthew Arnold, and Browning are also out, but the White House is consoled for their omission by Kipling, Carl Sandburg, and Vachel Lindsay. And Wordsworth? Surely the greatest English poet since

Milton is admitted? No! He is among the missing, but his exclusion leaves a place for Edgar Lee Masters and his immortal "Spoon River Anthology." We breathe again. All's right with the world!

Our bird's eye view of the new White House Library must end. What is the moral? That no man, whether executive or critic, should look a gift horse in the mouth? That the old saw is right when it declares there is no accounting for tastes? That no book should be approved until after its fifth birthday? That books written with typewriters are the equal of books written with brains? Perhaps not. Perhaps the moral is none of these things but merely that good Americans should rejoice at the Committee's having taken the trouble to make the White House safe for culture.

#### REVIEWS

**The Searching Mind of Greece.** By JOHN M. WARBEKE. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company. \$3.75.

As a readable account of the course of Greek philosophy from our earliest information about it up to its decline and its contact with Hebrew and Roman thought in Alexandria and Rome, this volume is of interest to the general reader and of distinct value to the student of philosophy. But anything more than a cursory reading of it will reveal ideas and tendencies that are at least questionable and well worthy of watching. Two of these are outstanding: a readiness to discount, if not to relegate to the domain of myth, all that claims to be revealed truth, whether in the Old or New Testament; and an effort, not seldom violent, to read modern theories of life and thought into the ancient records of Greek thinkers. The former tendency is openly avowed in a quotation from Sir Henry Maine which appears on the jacket: "Except for the blind forces of nature, nothing moves in this world which is not Greek in its origin." Nor does this tendency fail of any opportunity to reassert itself until we come to the Epilogue or concluding chapter where we read: "Man the center of the universe, albeit in sad depravity with which the whole creation groaneth and travaleth together in sympathy, the utter helplessness and hopelessness of those who had not heard the story of redemption, the jealous love of a Father for his chosen few—these and many more of the 'sweetest tales that e'er were told' are examined as the growing child reconsiders the account of Santa Claus." Which gives us, by the way, an insight into the way the young mind is taught to shoot, at Mt. Holyoke where Mr. Warbeke is a professor of philosophy. The tendency to reconcile modern with ancient thought, is even more persistent and, at times, a little disconcerting. To show that Bergson is hardly more than a rehash of the flux theories of Democritus and Heraclitus will astonish no one; but when it comes to making an Evolutionist out of Aristotle, the thoughtful reader will pause and consider. The general impression made by the book is that the author is a well-read student of philosophy, but not a philosopher.

M. McN.

**Donjon of Demons.** By BENEDICT FITZPATRICK. New York: Henry Holt and Company. \$3.00.

On June 29, the North American Martyrs will be officially raised to the altars of the Church as Saints. They were beatified on June 21, 1925. If any one of these eight heroic men may be singled out as the greatest, in a purely natural way, in the matter of personality, leadership, influence and the like, that one is John de Brébeuf. He was the first of the group of missionaries to penetrate into the Huron territory and he was the first Superior of the Mission. His was the directing genius that planned the establishment and development of the mission centers, and his was the strength that supported the other priests and lay-workers in their labors and their dangers. Among the Indians, he was regarded as the super-man because of his bodily power, because of his eloquence of speech, because of his strength of will and personal magnetism; the name of "Echon," his Huron appellation, was held

veneration or in fear by the Huron, Algonquin and neighboring nations. Brébeuf is the hero of this volume. And the story as told in this volume is an eloquent testimony to the heroism of Brébeuf. The narrative opens with the scene at Quebec when Brébeuf arrived for the second time. He had come to New France in 1625, but was expelled by the English when they seized Quebec. There was joy among the natives over Echon's return to Quebec, but difficulty about his return to the Huron territory near the lake of that name. But in 1634, he went, and there he remained, with the exception of a visit to Quebec on account of an injury, till his martyr's death in 1649. This is the period covered by Mr. Fitzpatrick's biography, if that is the proper designation. "Donjon of Demons" is undoubtedly a biography, though it does not include all the facts of Brébeuf's life; but it is also a dramatic romance. It is not of that current type of fictionalized biography prevalent today, but it is a fictional narrative that adheres closely to the facts of a man's life. In matter, then, it is biography; but in form, it is a novel. Mr. Fitzpatrick's task in thus presenting his hero was difficult, but he has achieved remarkable success. He has given an amazingly accurate picture of Brébeuf, his soul, his character, his appearance, his influence. And he has embossed Brébeuf on the weird pattern of Indian life. Mr. Fitzpatrick's reconstruction of that pattern is an achievement in itself; he has weaved into it the innumerable facts about the native mind, beliefs, customs, society, etc., that require tremendous labor to gather. Some tender-hearted persons who read the book may be nauseated by Mr. Fitzpatrick's recitals of tortures and cruelties; he needed them to show what manner of man the Indian of that time was. He has not exceeded facts, in this regard, nor in his accounts of the prevalent immorality. His insistence, however, on the frequency of cannibalism might be questioned. There is no authority, as far as the reviewer can learn, for the visit of Brébeuf to the Onguaarha (Niagara) River and Falls, as recorded on page 254 and following. And if no authority can be given, in a matter such as this, the inclusion of the story is objectional from an historical viewpoint. It would have been well, perhaps, if Mr. Fitzpatrick had added references in other places, not because his matter was questionable but for the information of his readers. Apart from these slight criticisms, among which may be included the absence of year-dates, the story is a powerfully written testimony to a great hero-saint. It has a permanent value, but its timeliness in regard to the canonization makes it a book for immediate reading.

F. X. T.

**Art and Scholasticism.** By JACQUES MARITAIN. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.

This is not an easy book to read, nor is it meant to be. M. Maritain's job is to bring order and light into a field where, for the most part, confusion reigns supreme. So he turns to St. Thomas, as the interpreter and completer of Aristotle, and to scholastic doctrine, which, while not troubling itself expressly with an esthetic, bears so decisively on the very essence of art and artistic production that no pains can be too great to acquire its concepts. For the first eighty or so pages, the reader must follow the writer step by step, as he explains the true nature of art as a "habit" (in the scholastic sense) or virtue of the practical intellect; the relation between Art and Prudence; the transcendental nature and unifying effects of beauty (appealing to the *mind* through the senses—the only theory that can withstand modern emotionalism); the distinction between the artist as a maker and as a man; the place of "imitation" in art; the moral aspects of art; and other such delicate and constantly misunderstood questions. Once the framework of distinctions has been grasped, then M. Maritain's subtle, often profound, spiritual observations and notes (many of them bearing on the vexed topic of the morality of literature) give sheer delight. One can then appreciate his conclusions as to the character, the difficulties and the office of "Christian art," which (unlike ecclesiastical or liturgical art), he does not distinguish *essentially* from art in general. With the utmost scrupulousness, he sees art requiring that "nothing shall attain the work but through itself as intermediary"; but this does not change the fact that "the soul of the artist with all its human

fulness, with every object of its love and worship, all the intentions human, moral and religious outside the artistic order which it can pursue, is the principal cause, using the virtue of art as an instrument." Attention is devoted to some modern French poets and artists whose work is of interest to a more limited circle than would be the universally applicable ideas of the book. With the ideas—through a less austere phraseology—made more accessible to the average reader (for at times Maritain's terminology is too bluntly scholastic for the modern reader to grasp without some kind of previous initiation) the revival of modern Christian art and architecture will have something very solid to build upon. Then, to complete the picture, the image that he has engraved of the artist in *himself*, should be supplemented by showing the artist as related to society, to his group and environment, to the Church and her active life, to the school and to tradition. Mr. J. F. Scanlan's translation deserves high praise for its rendering of both scholastic and French idiom. Two or three phrases might be retouched, e.g. page 13: "art remains entirely by the side of the mind"; page 25: "a lightning of mind"; page 61: "to the art itself considered formally" ("considered in its formal aspect"?). Page 19: "Although it produces," etc., is pretty thorny even for a professional philosopher: it would floor any lay reader.

J. L. F.

**The Frail Warrior.** By JEAN MARIE CARRÉ. New York: Coward-McCann. \$3.00.

Edinburgher by birth, citizen of the world by his wanderings, Robert Louis Stevenson in all the fundamentals of his character and his art stems back to his Gallic ancestors. Perhaps this is one reason why the present biography, though written by a Frenchman and primarily for his own countrymen, displays toward the gallant yet faltering spirit of R. L. S. an intuitive sympathy that we miss in the official biographies of Balfour, Colvin, and Osbourne, and, of course, still more in the recent polemics of the iconoclasts. It is not that Carré presents any new evidence either for or against the "chocolate angel" portrait which so stirred Henley's wrath. Rather, he accepts, in the interests of truth, all the blemishes pointed out by G. S. Hellman and J. A. Steuart, but he paints them in their proper perspective. While he does not gloss, neither does he gloat over the weaknesses of his subject: he merely states them for what they were—the sadly human vagaries of a very frail warrior at odds with his Puritan environment, his faulty education, and his physical handicap. Typical of the same balanced judgment is this estimate of Stevenson's wife: "More realistic than he, more practical, more tenacious, she organized his art and his life alike; spurred him to work, kept him at it, and marketed the finished product." If toward the end, in his island castle, the Teller of Tales did groan and writhe a little under the yoke, that is again only "the pity of it." What different circumstances might have produced it is idle to conjecture: the Stevenson we do know is largely the product of Fanny Osbourne. She saved him from dilettantism, and if the worst charges of her enemies be true, from naturalism as well. The narrative catches something of the sweep of Stevenson's restless roamings; where it loiters amid the South Sea splendors, it has the lessened tempo of "the sailor home from the sea." The colored style loses nothing under the delicate pen of the translator, Eleanor Hard. The bibliography was omitted in the translation; reference to it remains in the foreword. A. C. S.

#### BOOKS AND AUTHORS

**The "Catholic Mind."**—The incessant activity of the propagandists of birth control creates a need for a clear, popular answer; a need well met by the four papers on this subject which make up the June 8 issue of the *Catholic Mind* (America Press. 5c). The first of the group is the text of a radio address by Jones I. Corrigan, S.J., given a few months ago in the "Catholic Truth Hour" program from Boston. Other papers are from the pens of the Rt. Rev. Msgr. John L. Belford, D.D., Rita C. McGoldrick, and the Rev. Dr. Karl J. Alter. The Catholic teaching on the subject is clearly presented, the well-worn arguments of the exponents of the practice answered, and their fallacies revealed.

**Catholic Evidence.**—The Catholic Library of Religious Knowledge has added five new volumes to its shelf. Abbé A. Michel's treatise on "The Last Things" (Herder. \$1.35) has been translated by the Rev. W. Miller, D.D. In this summary of Catholic doctrine on death, Hell, Purgatory, Heaven and Limbo, an attempt has been made to set forth, not only the certainties of Faith, but also what are considered the more probable speculative conclusions of Thomist theology.

The Very Rev. Canon Magnin's summary of Canon Law on "Pastors and People" (Herder. \$1.35) has been translated by the Rev. J. D. Scanlan. "The Cradle of the Bible" (Herder. \$1.35) by Msgr. Legendre, explains with the help of maps and plans some biblical geography about which the author held a position of unquestioned authority.

"St. Paul, The Apostle of the Gentiles" (Herder. \$1.35), by Abbé Tricot, makes no pretense of being a detailed and exhaustive account of the great Apostle, but aims simply to give an impression of the life and work of the missionary of Christ in the Greco-Roman world. The translation of the Rev. W. Rees preserves the vigor and charm of the original French.

The works of Raoul Plus, S.J., have won favor with English readers. They will be glad to learn that his treatise on "Holiness in the Church" (Herder. \$1.35) has been translated by Mother Mary St. Thomas for their instruction and edification. This work treats of the sources of holiness and traces it in actual practice both in ordinary and eminent degrees. The concluding chapter on the quality of holiness in our day is instructive and encouraging.

**The History Class.**—Teachers of history will welcome for its clear presentation, thorough treatment, and excellent arrangement for high-school classes, "Modern Europe" (Allyn & Bacon. \$2.00), by Alfred Kaufmann, S.J. This is a companion volume to "Ancient and Medieval History," by Francis S. Betten, S.J., which appeared in 1928. Starting with the disruption of religious unity in the sixteenth century, Father Kaufmann traces the world events up to the present time. The book is well illustrated and the text is fixed in the memory with carefully arranged exercises. It will undoubtedly be adopted by the many schools that have learned to appreciate the other volumes in this series.

Ruth and Willis Mason West tell "The Story of Our Country" (Allyn & Bacon. \$1.80) for seventh- and eighth-grade grammar-school students. The same authors present a dramatic story of "The New World's Foundations in the Old" (Allyn & Bacon. \$1.40) for sixth-grade classes. The style is simple and the matter is proposed with an effort of fairness consistent with truth.

"Our Government" (American Book Co. \$1.80) is a text for high schools by James Wilford Garner and Louise Irving Capen. It aims to explain the nature, structure and functions of our Government, showing it as a living institution for the service of the people. Each chapter is followed by references for additional reading and questions for discussion and debate.

**Helps to Devotion.**—The Oxford University Press announces an edition of the "Imitation of Christ" (Oxford. \$3.25) which contains the Imprimatur of Cardinal Hayes. The original Latin of Thomas à Kempis has been faithfully translated and the arrangement according to paragraphs, instead of verses, has been followed. Scripture references throughout the work are printed in italics and footnotes show from what part of the Bible the quotations have been taken. The title page to this edition is dated 1926, and the official approbation from the Cardinal of New York was given in 1928. It seems probable that Catholics, who have become accustomed to the arrangement of the "Imitation" as prepared by Brother Leo, will not wish to make a change.

The Montfort Apostolate, at Papineauville, Quebec, Canada, has issued Father Faber's translation of Blessed Louis-Marie Grignon de Montfort's "Treatise on the True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin" (Messenger. \$1.25). Father Faber truly says: "I cannot think of a higher work or a broader vocation for any one than the simple spreading of this peculiar devotion of Blessed Montfort." The work has had the approbation and the blessing of several Pontiffs.

Rice. *The Killing of Judge MacFarlane. The Seventh Wave. The Painted Minx. Volcano.*

Louise Jordan Miln has written about China for many years. She has pictured the glamor of the patrician Chinese life in a way that has appealed to readers who enjoy the story-method of learning the ways and customs of distant lands. In her latest novel, "Rice" (Stokes. \$2.00), she writes of poverty instead of wealth, of the peasant instead of the aristocrat, of stark realism instead of gilded display. It is an idyll of motherlove, which endures bitter poverty and ceaseless toil so that the object of her devotion may one day procure a desirable husband. But the daughter, Pang Soo, is loved by Shu A-fah, who, as a homeless little lad, found her as a baby and kept her in his heart even when she married a Shensi farmer. Here one finds a revelation of the spirit of the Chinese peasant, an insight into the slow peasant mind, and an appreciation of their stolid, direct, and simple natures. Noting these things, one may not feel the drag of the plot, nor the tediousness which sometimes comes with the oppression of too many words.

Anyone with a name like Gerald Louis Gillespie would seem destined for trouble. Yet he started his days in Chicago by complaining about the dullness of life in America. But excitement entered the room with him where "G" discovered the murdered body of a gangster and excitement stayed with him until he settled his mystery of "The Killing of Judge MacFarlane" (Harper. \$2.00). Mary Plum, the author, has attempted to relieve the reader, who may be in danger of suffering from an overdose of thrills, by strong draughts of sentimentality. Some may enjoy the antidote, others may prefer to take their thrills straight. The publishers make a sporting offer in which they are quite safe.

The history of a pioneer family is traced through four generations in the story of "The Seventh Wave" (A. and C. Boni. \$2.50), by Marietta Minningerode Andrews. This book has the usual shortcomings of a first novel which strives for greatness by the easy method of crowding the canvas. Chapters are little more than paragraphs, and one or two sentences dispense with important details. The story, on the whole, gives the impression of crowding and rushing, with only sufficient leisure to delay over unnecessary descriptions of life at the backwoods school-house. There are many well-aimed shafts, and some satire that is not bitter; but at times the author's observations are more clever than true.

"The Painted Minx" (Appleton. \$2.50), by Robert W. Chambers, is more than merely another novel dealing with a phase of the American Revolution. The horror of war serves, as usual, for contrast with the gayety of the theater; the "silks, and jewels, and scarlet uniforms" are all parts of the stage settings; Washington, Hood, and André are characters in the play who dutifully await their cue from the giggling, rattle-brained, laughter-loving Marie Guest, an actress at the John Street theater, a Loyalist, daughter of an English officer. Of course, following the convention of fiction, Marie is in love with Captain Barry Hood of the Continental Army. The story tells Marie's experiences in such a way that the reader fails to notice the stage tricks or hear the creaking of ancient devices for this form of fiction. There is interest and charm in the narrative for those who like romance in costume.

On the mysterious island of the West Indies, which Arthur Bullard calls Calboa, there are torture chambers, voodoo shrines, hidden treasures, unscrupulous schemers and a maiden in distress. These are all combined in a highly imaginative plot that makes the title of the story, "Volcano" (Macmillan. \$2.00), a highly descriptive one. Charles Benton, after being swindled in New York, returns to the tropics as manager of a plantation in Calboa. He finds himself caught in a net of intrigue and endeavors with the help of Leon, a native servant, to extricate himself and win the fair Señorita Ricardo. There is a real as well as a metaphorical volcano in eruption and it proves to be a convenient, although violent, way of bringing the villain to justice and the hero to the altar. Although at times wild and improbable, naive in its explanations, and unconcerned about details, the romance and adventure which rumbles through the whole story has a quaint interest born of curiosity about the strange natives.

## Communications

*Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.*

### Baron von Hügel

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I was very much interested in an article which appeared in the issue of AMERICA for March 8, entitled "She Tried to Sell One."

What especially arrested my attention was the reference to the "Letters of Baron von Hügel." In suggesting a book to a prospective customer, the writer mentions, with apparent approval, this particular one. By a singular coincidence, I had received, just a few days before, "Letters to a Niece" by Von Hügel. This was a present from a nun who informed me that it had been highly recommended to a convert by a priest who was himself a convert. A perusal of a couple of the letters left upon me the impression that the author was scarcely orthodox. This impression was strengthened by the fact that among the complimentary references to the work, printed on the cover, was one from Dean Inge and another from the "Literary Supplement of the London Times." This latter recalled to my mind O'Connell's comment on some eulogistic references to himself in the same journal.

I have been making inquiries since about Baron von Hügel, and the only information I could secure was that he was a German mystic with a peculiar mental twist. I would be pleased if some of your readers would further enlighten me in regard to this author, who seems to be in favor at present in some Catholic literary circles.

Peterborough, Ont.

(REV.) F. J. O'SULLIVAN.

[The "Letters to a Niece" were reviewed in the issue of AMERICA for July 27, 1929, page 381; where von Hügel's attitude towards the Church was commented upon. A sketch of his life is found in "Baron Friedrich von Hügel: Selected Letters" (New York. E. P. Dutton and Company). Though von Hügel's thought was considerably influenced by his long contacts with heterodox theologians, he never wilfully opposed Catholic teaching.—Ed. AMERICA.]

### Where Father Jogues Lived in New York

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The approaching canonization of Blessed Isaac Jogues, S. J., on June 29, lends a special interest to the location, in New York City, of the hospitable refuge the martyr found here in 1643 at the house of the famous Domine Megapolensis, during the month he waited for a ship to take him back to France.

In the volume for 1865 of the "Manual of the Corporation of the City of New York," its compiler, D. T. Valentine, our most authoritative historian of old New York, contributes a history of Broadway, in which he details the development of the great thoroughfare from Bowling Green to Union Square. In this he says:

In the times of the Dutch, that part of Broadway which faces the Bowling Green from the west was already a popular part of New Amsterdam, and no doubt presented the most agreeable features of any in the town. The Parade in front, which was also the market place, and the fort on one side, with its busy scenes of civil and military affairs, combined to make this locality the court end of the town; and accordingly we there find two of the leading popular taverns, a fashionable store, the residence of the provincial secretary, and that of the Domine Megapolensis, the latter building being situated on the present southerly corner of Morris Street. These were all buildings of a good substantial class for those times.

This corner of Broadway is now the site of the great modern Cunard office building, and about it, to the west, is the picturesque Syrian quarter. Here Father Jogues, under the kindly ministrations of Megapolensis, recovered from the effects of his dreadful tortures at the hands of his Mohawk captors, and gathered the material for the description he later wrote of the colony, and which, as the oldest extended record of Manhattan Island, has been incorporated in the documentary history of the State.

Brooklyn.

T. F. M.

### Statue of Erin at Cork

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I quote below an editorial from the issue of the Portland Daily Journal of Commerce for May 10, which may interest readers of AMERICA.

The Eucharistic Congress meeting at Carthage, Tunisia, has brought back to the assemblage there many of the former anecdotes of the prestige of that renowned city's glory. The Eucharistic Congress for 1932 is to be held in Dublin, Ireland. Plans are being formulated, it is said, to have the colossal statue of Erin in Cork harbor unveiled at this time. Those attending the Eucharistic Congress will take part in the unveiling. The erection of the monument at the port of Cork—the gateway to Europe—will promote her industrial development in the world, the enshrining of Erin's statue giving a smiling welcome to visitors from abroad, and the reunion of the Irish race will show that Ireland also will revive its ancient prestige among the nations.

I think the religious and artistic significance of this project merits some notice.

Portland, Ore.

CORNELIUS O'DONOVAN.

### "The Horror at Sherman"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

God bless the author of the powerful editorial in the issue of AMERICA for May 24, headed "The Horror at Sherman." Indeed it is a horror before God and man—only morons do not see it in that light—but the leading citizens of Sherman and of Texas weep over it. The press in the South only too often is cowardly in speaking plainly against lynching and roasting of Negroes alive. Hence it is the duty of the Catholic press, which places principles above profits, to speak fearlessly against such barbarity. Apropos: AMERICA and the Catholic press in general will do a great service by advertising the *Chronicle*, edited by the Rev. William M. Markoe, S.J., of St. Louis, which is a Catholic periodical devoted solely to the welfare of the Negro race.

Denton, Tex.

(REV.) RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

### It Comes Better Thus

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Why so modest, AMERICA? With all these thwarted "Feenians" howling in approved newspaper style for more copy, what's the matter with mentioning "In Towns and Little Towns," by Leonard Feeney, S.J. (America Press, etc.)?

Anyone who can repress a shudder of awe at "the everlasting restlessness of wheat"; or not be softened by "above the white horizon of an old priest's hair"; or not give way to a grand grin at "God forgive the likes of me for ever taking pains" and—well, anyway, whether they want to buy 'em, sell 'em, read 'em, I'm sure that little purple-covered book will satisfy them. Also, booksellers can be pestered to stock it. Mine did, in self-defense.

Brighton, Mass.

M. M. F.

### Kind Words

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I have been a reader of your Weekly for about sixteen years now, and I have never found it as interesting as of late. There was a time when I would hardly unwrap it, and preferred the *Nation*, etc., to AMERICA, but not so today.

What pleases me most is your fearlessness in attacking modern problems and trying to find a solution for them. If you keep up the present pace, you are certainly going to lead present-day American Catholicism "out of the ghetto."

With magazines like AMERICA there is still hope for a brighter day.

San Antonio, Tex.

(REV.) F. DREES.

### "Secure Against Seizure"

To the Editor of AMERICA:

I am having AMERICA sent to my home instead of my office, as heretofore. It too often disappears from my desk!

May I take this opportunity to commend you on the excellence, timeliness, scholarliness of everything in your publication? I always look forward to your editorials and feature articles. I cannot but admire the erudition of most of your contributors.

Buffalo.

B. T. MANGANO.